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The Pacific.

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WHOLE No. 1807.

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STANLEY, THE AFRICAN EXPLORER.

INTRODUCED BY MARK TWAIN.

DEAR PACIFIC: The lecture of Henry M. Stanley threw an intense light upon the dark continent. The vast valleys of the Nile and Congo were most graphically revealed. Tremont Temple was filled last evening by 8 o'clock, from the platform to the upper gallery. After the organ pealed out the tones of that inspiring hymn, that tells how "Africa's sunny fountains" call us to deliver the land from error's chain, Mark Twain arose and introduced the lecturer with rare felicity, and his usual amount of humor; which was in strange contrast with the serious and thrilling statements which were to follow.

The writer of this could hardly recognize his old acquaintance of twenty years ago, when he was a reporter on the Territorial Enterprise at Virginia City and at the two constitutional conventions at Carson City. He is now somewhat portly and venerable looking, with a fine commingling of dark and gray locks. His remarks were as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen—If any should ask "why is that you are here as introducer of the lecturer," I should answer, that I happened to be around and was asked to perform this function. I was quite willing to do so, and, as there was no sort of need of an introduction, anyway, it could be necessary only that some person come forward for a moment and do an unnecessary thing, and that is quite in my line. [Laughter.] Now introduce so illustrious a name as Henry M. Stanley [applause] by any detail of what the man has done is clear aside from my purpose; that would be stretching the unnecessary to an unconscionable degree. When I contrast what I have achieved in my measurably brief life with what he has achieved in his possibly briefer one, the effect is to sweep utterly away the ten-story edifice of my own self-appreciation and leave nothing behind but the cellar. [Laughter.] When you compare these achievements of his with the achievements of really great men who exist in history, the comparison, I believe, is in his favor. I am not here to disparage Columbus. [Laughter.]

No, I won't do that; but when you come to regard the achievements of these two men, Columbus and Stanley, from the standpoint of the difficulties they encountered, the advantage is with Stanley and against Columbus. [Laughter.] Now Columbus started out to discover America. Well, he didn't need to do anything at all but sit in the cabin of his ship and hold his grip and sail straight on, and America would discover itself. [Laughter.] Here it was barring his passage the whole length and breadth of the South American continent, and he couldn't get by it. [Laughter.] He'd go to discover it; he couldn't help it. Neither did he have to find any particular part of America, and when he found any portion of it his contract was fulfilled. But Mr. Stanley started out to find Dr. Livingstone, who was hidden away somewhere, scattered abroad, as you may say, over the length and breadth of a vast slab of Africa as big as the United States.

It was a blind kind of search. He was the worst scattered man. [Laughter.] He was the scarest commodity there was; he was as scarce as a teetotaler in a prohibition State. [Laughter.] Now, it wouldn't do to send me out to hunt for a man. I shouldn't find him; he wouldn't be there when I got there. [Laughter.]

But I will throw the weight of this introduction upon one very peculiar feature of Mr. Stanley's character, and that is his indestructible Americanism, an Americanism which he is proud of. And in this day and time, when it is the custom to ape and imitate English methods and fashion, English carriages and dog-carts and every trifling thing that might be borrowed from that truly great nation; in such a day it is like a breath of fresh air to stand in the presence of this untainted American citizen who has been caressed and complimented by half the crowned heads of Europe; who could clothe his body from his head to his heels with the orders and decorations lavished upon him. And yet when the untitled myriads of his own country put out their hands in welcome to him and greet him, "Well done," through the Congress of the United States, that is the crown that is worth all the rest to him. His is a product of institutions which exist in no other country on the earth, institutions that bring out all that is best and most heroic in a man. I introduce Henry M. Stanley.

Mr. Clemens' thoroughly characteristic introduction won for him such an amount of merited appreciation and applause, as would have overshadowed a lecture of less distinct-

ive merit and treatment of less striking interest than Mr. Stanley's.

Mr. Stanley's appearance would not inspire one with the idea that he was the daring and invincible explorer; for he is small of stature, and appears to be an amiable, good fellow.

THE LECTURE.

Mr. Stanley opened his address somewhat dramatically by pointing to two maps, which formed a background on either side of the platform. "These two maps," he said, "could afford you a great amount of information if they could speak what they indicate." He explained that to his left was the map of Africa as it was when Livingstone died, and to his right was the map of Central Africa as it was known two months ago, after the results of the recent explorations.

Introducing the subject of the evening, he said that in a camp in the heart of Africa, Livingstone, the traveler evangelist, lay dead. His followers deliberated on the fittest movements to make, and resolved to carry his remains across the vast continent. They presented them to Her Majesty's Consul at an African port, by whom they were shipped on board an English-bound steamer. The speaker said that he wished to prove that he had really discovered Livingstone by returning and completing his discoveries. He thought it would be well if he should complete the labors of all the greater explorers of Africa. A river two thousand miles in the heart of the country offered immense possibilities. Speke followed the Nile from its head down to the Mediterranean, but his statements were doubted. Lake Tanganyika was another interesting subject calling for exploration. The secret of its outlet had not been discovered. He remembered attending a meeting in England of the learned pundit of the Geographical Society, at which he himself was abused as the teller of sensational stories. He was permitted to reply, and said that the President of the Royal Geographical Society knew nothing about the geography of Central Africa, when he said that the great river which was the subject of exploration emptied itself into a marsh. Propositions were subsequently made to Mr. Stanley to aid in a systematic exploration of Africa, and James Gordon Bennett, in response to an inquiry, stated that he would willingly bear his share in the expenditure. On arriving in Africa, Mr. Stanley enlisted a body of 356 men, the best that could be found for the purpose of exploration. After all the preparations were made, the natives were sworn to be faithful to the white man. A narrow path, 30 feet wide, was found which led to the banks of a mighty river. The river was crossed, and dark, jungling recesses were explored. After a long and varied course, they began to be impoverished on account of the exactions which had been made upon them in passing through the country. Subsequently they entered a wilderness, where, in a few days, they lost nine of their men from starvation. Soon after this, they found a clear stream which they traced, until they found that it issued out to the Victoria Nyanza, and that the southern tributary of the Nile arose from the same source. A boat which was brought in sections was put together and placed in the waters of the Victoria Nyanza.

Mr. Stanley here told in a picturesque and semi-humorous style of the difficulties he had in prevailing upon the members of his party to accompany him, and stated it was only when he adopted the most imperative style that he succeeded in getting them to embark. Various experimental trips were made. He was obliged to make many ingenious explanations to his party, in order to be able to continue his explorations. Adventures varied with each day as they moved on, sailing past frowning headland, and cliff, and varied scenery until they arrived at the northeast extremity of the lake. Then they saw a large number of natives who menaced them with their spears and then began to throw stones with slings. Mr. Stanley fired a few shots with a revolver, so that they were intimidated. Then a peace was formed by exchanging beads for bananas.

Next they passed along to Uganda, where they were met by a flotilla of canoes. They were then introduced to the foremost man of Equatorial Africa. In this place, quaint and curious questions were asked of him. With the aid of a student who accompanied him, Mr. Stanley succeeded in translating for him the gospel according to St. Luke. He succeeded in getting from the ruler two canoes, with an armed escort to accompany them to the east end of the lake. Subsequently they rowed to an island which gave promise of plenty. On approaching it, they found symptoms

of hostility, but the natives advanced into the water and cried out: "Enter; have no fear." The boat was dragged up on the beach, and the natives drew their bows, but their apparently helpless condition seemed to cause hesitation. Soon after Stanley's party was warned that they were to be killed. They pushed out their boat, and when the natives saw them, rushed down to prevent their escape. The incidents of the escape at this point were told in a very graphic style. The savages manned four war canoes and followed them, but a few shots repulsed them. "Go and die on the Nyanza," was the parting imprecation of the natives. They succeeded in circumnavigating the lake.

Soon after, in 1876, they went to Ujiji, a place where he once grasped the hand of David Livingstone. The party went to the southern end of the Tanganyika. They found the bed of the ancient outlet of the Tanganyika. After a tour of more than fifty days of exploration, they found the length and breadth of the river. The next problem that presented itself was the discovery as to which river lived Livingstone on to death, the Niger, the Nile or the Congo. They entered the fabulous land of Urega, where they spent fifteen days in a forest without seeing the sunlight. Their party, a hundred and forty strong, floated down a then unknown river, which subsequently proved to be the Congo. Day after day they encountered savages, but they scattered them with blazing rifles. Their passage by the Stanley Falls was marked by constant skirmishes with hostile natives. Seeing the curve that the river took, they began to suspect that they were upon the river Congo. Their anxiety as to what the length of the river could be grew to be one of the keenest as they reached the tributaries that flowed in and swelled the waters along the mighty river's trend. They floated down the river until they reached Stanley Pool. On the 999th day after they had left the Indian Ocean their numbers had been decimated by disease and long suffering, but they succeeded in completely identifying this with the Congo and tracing it to its outlet. Their feelings, on reaching the result of their labors, formed a graphic close to a lecture which held the rapt attention of a great audience for more than an hour and a half.

In response to an urgent request from the mercantile men of Boston, Mr. Stanley had promised to give another lecture at the Temple regarding the grand possibilities of Central Africa for trade, commerce and civilization. But I regret to say that this engagement cannot be met, by reason of the cable despatch, which appears this morning from the King of Belgium, requesting him to "come back promptly." Mr. Stanley thinks the outbreak in the Belgian Free Congo State has something to do with it. The Arab out-throats who are reported moving down the Congo river, are, he says, as bad as our Apaches on the frontier. They burn towns, kill the men and carry off the women and children. Mr. Stanley said he did not relish the idea of going back to Africa, but if he was ordered there he felt it his duty to be there. Cordially yours, S. A. C.

Boston, Dec. 10, 1886.

THE DIVINE SACRIFICE UNEXAM- PLED.

We have in the writings of some evolutionists a new form of that naturalistic idea of sacrifice which takes away from the atonement one of its chief glories. One step in that direction was taken when speculation affirmed that the vicarious sacrifice of Christ for our race is "grounded in principles of universal obligation." This at one and the same time was a blow at the peerless, unexampled redemptive act and at the element of grace in it, or love beyond obligation. The step now taken by evolutionists is the next one, and perfectly natural; viz., the assertion that sacrifice in the moral universe is inevitable and naturally involuntary—something inherent in the constitution of sentient and social beings, and necessary, i.e., not of grace at all. First, it is denied that Christ's sacrifice for sinners is the exceptional transaction which evangelical religion has always considered it. Then, it is denied that voluntariness, which is necessary to grace, is any essential part of sacrifice at all.

We quote from a writer who undertakes, on the principle of "give and take," to adjust the hypothesis of evolution and the facts of revelation to each other. After discussing creation and evolution, he says: "With the entrance of life upon the scene, there begins to emerge that type of being which is best described by the name of sacrificial. The moment life is planted on the globe there is planted the necessity of sac-

rice. The process of evolution thenceforth progresses by the one surrendering its life for the many, and the many for the more. The life of sacrifice, like every other form of creation, is itself a development, and is progressively unfolded. At first it is involuntary; the surrender is made as the result of compulsion and in submission to the necessity of things. But with the development of instinct there comes the beginning of something like a sacrificial spirit, or of that which may constitute the germ of such a spirit. The instinct of self-preservation ceases to be sole master of the field, and is compelled to share its empire with another and a higher instinct—that which impels the animal to provide for its offspring. This, no doubt, still a species of compulsion, but it is no longer a compulsion of the old sort."

Readers will be reminded by this of an attempt to show, years ago, that "all souls are in vicarious sacrifice"—"nothing superfluous in it"—and that "motherhood, friendship and patriotism" are all vicarious, as well as atonement. These, however, are all voluntary. And, indeed, the evolutionist quoted above, after confounding men suffering, which is largely involuntary, with sacrificial suffering or proper sacrifice, which cannot be so, and must be of choice, characterizes the life of sacrifice in the spirit of man as no longer instinctive, but deliberate and voluntary. Man is the first evolved being "who, without any dynamical compulsion, either from without or from within, has the ability to choose the path of sacrifice, and to surrender his personal joy through the simple motive of impersonal love. This is the type which the evolution principle has reached in the formation of the first Adam"—that is, potentially, as is explained. This is plainly Bushnellism over again. It is the new theology and the new philosophy united—a Spencerian Bushnellism.

"This development of the principle of evolution," it is added, "is, at the same time, a development of the principle of suffering." And all this inevitable by the constitution of things, though voluntary, a natural necessity of choice! And in this necessity the atonement is to be engulfed! On the contrary, the Scriptures assure us that the redemptive sacrifice of our Lord is a voluntary transaction, altogether unexampled in the universe and its history, and there is not even any complete analogy for it. When fathers and kings have suffered instead of guilty children and subjects, the sacrifice, voluntary though it was, did not—could not—touch the moral government of the universe as to right and wrong. But this is just what the atonement of Christ did. And it was a perfectly voluntary intervention at this high point, which no suffering of a creature could reach. He came to seek and to save the lost. He laid down his life, having power to do this, and to take it again, this power implying liberty. No shadow of compulsion, or of evolution from compulsion, rests upon it. The Divine Being is not a sacrificial "type of being," whether by evolution or by anything else. It is not a "type of being" at all, for no other classifies with God. Sheer above, infinitely above, all necessity or obligation of loss by love, he rises. God has no "environment" that requires, or even suggests, this; no progress that encounters this, as man in his environment and progress has. No human analogies for what God does in salvation or administration ever fail so completely as those attempted in respect to that unparalleled sacrifice which the angels desire to look into. OCCIDENTALIS.

The announcement by telegram of the death of General John A. Logan in Washington, D. C., was unexpected and startling intelligence in this city last Sabbath afternoon. He was not old—only 60 years. He was always apparently so strong and well, a sort of an iron man, and in perfect health when here at the Grand Army Encampment last summer; but none are too strong or active or distinguished for the cold hand of death.

General Logan was a brave soldier and a hard fighter; he did most excellent service all through the war, not only at the front, but by his bold, strong utterance among the people. He was a true friend to President Lincoln, and to the Union. In the United States Senate, too, where he has long represented the great State of Illinois, he has always been a bold, outspoken man; his record in Congress is a good one. In the last campaign he did not succeed in securing the office of Vice-President of these United States, but he was worthy of it. So, great men go, one after the other, from these earthly scenes, but their souls live on, and themselves, in the great principles they labored to establish.

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All contributions for the Young Ladies' Branch of the Woman's Board should be sent to Miss Grace Goodhue, Treasurer Y. L. B. W. B., 1720 Geary street, S. F.

NOTICE.

The monthly meeting of the Woman's Board will be held in the First Congregational church, San Francisco, on Wednesday, January 5th, at 2 p. m. As this is the first meeting of the new year, all ladies are especially invited to be present.

A CHILD'S LETTER.

The following letter was sent a year ago to Grandma Thoburn, with an enclosed dollar for the chain that was purchased at our Berkeley meeting, and should have been published at that time, but was temporarily lost. We deem it due to the loving little four-year-old girl who wrote it that it is to be published even at this late date:

"Dear Grandma Thoburn: Please put me near to your own dear self, as you can, on the missionary chain, without crowding some other little girl. Oh, how I would love to see you and kiss you, I love my own, dear grandma so much!

"SARAH ABELL."

ZULULAND.

Finding it impossible to bring our last week's topic within the required limits, we propose to continue the same in this week's paper, feeling sure that a comprehensive view of this field is important and necessary to the living, vital interest in it we should have. For the Zulu Mission is not only an American Board Mission, but it is emphatically ours, being the home and the field of our own Mrs. Holbrook.

The Mission takes its name, we suppose, from the fact that it was organized for the Zulu people, or the people speaking the Zulu language. This people, so far as we are able to learn, occupied originally that portion of Africa called Zululand, and which is laid down on our maps as extending along the southeastern coast between the parallels of 25° and 29° south latitude. It would seem that the colony of Natal must once have been a part of it. Zululand has become noted in our time through the sanguinary war between Cetewayo, the King of the Zulus, and England. "Cetewayo organized an army of 750,000 men, and became a tyrant at home, and threatened his neighbors, especially Natal, the British Colony. The Colonial Government required the disbandment of the army. The requirement was not obeyed, and so war ensued. He was taken prisoner in 1879, restored in 1882, but driven out of the country by his former subjects in 1883, and died in 1884." England has since been obliged to use her authority in settling disputes between the Zulus and the Boers, and the very latest news is that "order is coming out of chaos in Zululand. The country is divided into two parts, the eastern for the Zulus and the western for the Boers. The reserve, between Zululand and Natal, will be left undisturbed. England will, if desired, assume a protectorate over the Zulus in the new country, while the Boers must abandon all claim to it. Though too much is conceded to the Boers, it is probably the best thing England can do."

IN ADVANCE, DEC. 9, 1886.—Knowing that the present King of the Zulus is favorable to missionaries, we conclude that the way is now open for effective work in his dominions as never before. Growing out of, and intimately connected with, the Zulu mission is the one recently established upon Cahawbane bay, which may be found upon any good map of Africa a little northeast of Delgoa bay, and in that division of the country called Lofala, or Umzilla's kingdom. This important division is bounded on the south by Zululand and on the north by the great river Zambezi. The inhabitants of that region are so allied with the Zulu people and so many of them understand the Zulu language that it seemed desirable for the missionaries at Natal and their helpers to reach out in that direction. With this in view, the Rev. Mr. Pinberton was delegated by the American Board to explore the country, aiming to visit Umzilla in his capital. But alas! like so many others, he fell a victim to African fever before the

end was reached. The plan was subsequently carried out by others, but the unsettled condition of the people and the unhealthfulness of the climate made it seem best to establish the mission on Inhambane bay at Mongeve. This mission is known as the "East Central African Mission," is under the care of the American Board, and has at the present time three prosperous stations. The one at Mongeve is superintended by the Rev. Mr. Richards. Mr. and Mrs. Ousley are at Kambina, ten miles northwest of Mongeve, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox at Makodweni, sixteen miles west of Mongeve. These are all new stations, but seem to be very favorably located for health and for accomplishing the original design of reaching out into the North and West, indefinitely, among a people in part Zulu.

These three missionaries have already a number of promising young men in training for the work, although the mission is yet scarcely two years old, at least the two newer stations. We shall all be interested in watching its progress. We cannot help wishing we had space to copy an extract from a most earnest, almost agonized, plea for help coming from the older portion of the Zulu field; namely, Natal. Some chiefs of small tribes are begging for missionaries, and want American missionaries, but have called so long they are almost discouraged. In closing this survey of the African mission field, we must be allowed to express the earnest wish that, fragmentary as it is, it may yet serve to give definiteness to some points of the history, and increased interest to the great field as a whole. The heart of the writer yearns over Africa—poor, dark, benighted, suffering Africa! No portion of the world has suffered in modern times from lawless greed as has Africa. We owe her a debt we can only pay by sending with all speed the blessed gospel of peace and liberty.

Finally, let me recommend to the head of every household who takes THE PACIFIC to take, also, the *Missionary Herald*, published by the American Board. The price is one dollar a year, and any one who reads it regularly would not be without it for twice that sum. The address is Charles E. Sweet, No. 1 Somerset street, Boston, Mass.

M. L. MERRITT.

EXODUS OF CHURCH-GOERS FROM THE AGRICULTURAL DISTRICTS.

Ten years ago, within the scope of country lying twenty miles to the north and west of Rio Vista, there were eight places where public worship was held on the Sabbath, with good congregations and much encouragement. Now, on the same territory, there are only three places where public worship is held, even a part of the time. Quite as many people are here as formerly; but the Protestant church-going population have largely moved away, and foreign Catholics and non-church-goers have taken their places. At some of these points, where good congregations once centered, there is not one Protestant church-going family left, and at others only one. Are there not many other agricultural districts in California where similar changes are going on? What of it? If the city pastors and wealthy church members would inform themselves in this line of events, there would be less censure and more sympathy for burdened home missionaries and rural pastors, whose parishes are being steadily depleted to fill up the city churches. Could the spiritual tone and power of any city church be long maintained without the constant influx of country-bred men and women, whose religious life and character were early moulded in the rural parish? When the pecuniary strength is transferred to the cities, ought the diminishing of contributions to the mission boards be attributed to a want of interest in the country churches? W. A. T.

Gen. Sherman in a dinner speech in New York city administered this neat and deserved rebuke to the news-gatherers of our daily papers: "I have been here a good deal, and I have never seen anything of the crime of which I have read. A man may walk the street all day and see nothing of it. He may go out in the evening and see nothing of it. It has seemed to me sometimes that the modern press went searching and seeking dirty spots in the back yards."

Columbia College in New York city will celebrate on April 13, 1887, the hundredth anniversary of the confirmation by the Legislature of that State of its royal charter granted in 1754.

The Y. W. C. T. U. will receive their friends on New Year's day, at the Lick House, from 11 a. m. to 10 p. m.

[Written for THE PACIFIC.]

CHRISTMAS IN THE TROPICS.

"Now, Jack, if you'll pull down the blinds and put some more coal on the fire, and if Arthur will stop teasing Rosy, I'll tell you how I spent my last Christmas far over the big, blue ocean, in the beautiful Sandwich Islands, where all the little Kanakas live.

"In the first place, you must remember they don't have ice and snow as we do here; they don't have any fog or frost either."

"Doesn't it even rain?"

"Well, I should think it did! more rain than ever you saw in all your lives, but then it only comes in showers which last a little while. A fine, gray mist comes down over the mountains, and then sweeps across the sky, scattering raindrops wherever it goes; and sometimes it is as bad as a regular cloud-burst, and you can hardly see which way you are going. It really seems as if it rained in two directions at once and around corners and up from the sidewalk, and often it will be flying at one side of the street and dry on the other, while the dust will be flying at the self-same time. Then the sun will shine as brightly as ever, the water soak into the coral soil, the birds will chatter in the bushes, the soft breeze from the ocean shake the drops from the beautiful palms and tropical flowers, and everything will be smiling and happy. Here, in America, we go out on these wintry days in cloaks and furs, and muffle ourselves at home in shawls and comforters, and we have a foot-warmer at night, and hug the fire in the daytime; but in this country the ladies go to church in their white dresses in the middle of January, and they don't have even a single fire-place in any of the houses, because they wouldn't know what to do with them. But I was going to tell you about Christmas.

"First of all come the Christmas trees. They don't have nearly as many as we do here, because they can't get firs or pines in the first place, and besides there are not so many white people to have them; but those who do want trees always manage to get one. They either have some strange-looking tree brought up from the woods, or else cut down a guava or an orange tree with the fruit still on it. How would you like one of those to hang your presents on? But now here's something funnier still. If they can't get any of these, they set to work and make a tree—yes make it! out of wood, with wooden branches, and cover the boughs all thickly over with a soft, furry, little vine called 'mouse-foot,' which the natives bring round to the doors to sell, and which lasts green for a very long time. The wreaths are made of a plant called 'maile,' which looks very much like smilax.

"There were several large family parties in town on Christmas eve, and the Chinamen had a capital time at their Y. M. C. A. building, where they had a festival—an old Chinaman dressed up as Santa Claus coming in at the window, which was a great lark, of course. I don't think he had an ermine coat and a long, white beard. He may have had, but it seems to me in so hot a country a linen suit and a Panama hat would be much more comfortable. Well, well! have your own way! Perhaps the good old ermine coat is better, after all.

"We went to bed pretty early that night, so as not to oversleep ourselves the following morning, and the first thing we did after we were dressed was to fly around and wish everybody a 'Merry Christmas,' just as they do all over the world. Then, after breakfast, came the presents. There was a big clothes-basket all brimful of bundles, and something for everybody, little and big, and every one had just exactly what they wanted—toys, and books and games for the children, and lots of pretty and useful things that older people like, and, I tell you, it was altogether a very jolly time!

"We spent most of the morning looking over our presents, and then, a little before noon, drove down town to a feast, which was given on the grounds of the native theological seminary. (That's a place where they learn to be ministers, Rosy.)

"When we stepped out of the carriage again, I tell you, I found it pretty hard to believe that it really was Christmas time, and not the middle of August, because it looked for all the world just like a summer picnic. The sky was deep-blue and perfectly clear, and the hot sun was trying to pierce its way through the boughs of the lacy algaroba trees, which were dotted all over the bright, green grass. Then there were groups of natives of every size and age and shade of complexion—feeble old men and women; mothers with little brown babies; great, stout, strapping, middle-aged folks and young people, and children with big, brown eyes and curly heads and bare little feet and legs. Almost all of these, the men as well as the women, were dressed in very bright colors, and wore wreaths of ferns and flowers around their heads and necks. These are called 'leis,' and it is the custom of the country to wear them on all occasions; but, sometimes, they are made of shells, or beans, or seeds, and many other things.

"The seminary building, which was very low and one-storied, with a sloping roof, was set far back from the street, and built something in the

shape of a letter 'L,' with what seemed to be a perfectly endless veranda. This was all decorated with sweet-smelling ferns, and on it were spread the tables for the feast, which the older people were enjoying, the children being in a room near by.

"They had no tablecloth, but large ferns were laid down instead; and now I suppose you want to know what they had for their Christmas dinner. Well, the principal thing was 'poi.' You don't know what that is, so I'll have to tell you. They take the root of a queer-looking vegetable called taro, and boil it till it is soft, just as Ellen does our potatoes. Then it is pounded up into a kind of meal and mixed with water, and put away to get sour, and after a few days it is ready for eating; and it is to them what bread is to us.

"Well, this poi was set around the table in large wooden bowls called calabashes, and was eaten, not with a fork or a spoon, but with the fingers. They put either one or two fingers into the bowl, gave several quick turns around, and then thrust the poi quickly down their throats with their heads thrown back; and, to judge by their looks, they must have considered it delicious indeed.

"That, as I said, was the principal thing. Then there were pork and chicken, roasted underground in ti leaves, dried squid, raw and cooked fish, live shrimps, that didn't approve of being eaten, seaweed, pudding made of cocoa-nut milk and sweet potatoes mixed together, and other strange dishes I didn't know the names of, besides oranges and island fruits.

"While we were watching these people, a native woman came up and raised her hat and made a bow, offering to shake hands with me; so of course I did and said 'Aloha!' for 'How do you do.' And then another one held out some seaweed, but I shook my head. I guess she thought I didn't know what was nice. All of them were very polite, and seemed quite glad to see us.

"Then we went to pay a visit to the children, and such a buzz and chattering as there was, and such merry, little, brown faces, and roguish eyes! A great strong native was waiting on them, and just as soon as one would finish their bowl of poi he came up behind and poured some more right over their heads, and though he did it as quick as a flash, he never spilled a single drop. They had just about the same things to eat as the older people, only perhaps not so great a variety.

"It was getting on towards 2 o'clock by this time, and we were beginning to feel pretty hungry ourselves; so they spread a table on a side veranda, and we sat down, a party of eight or ten Americans. Some of the gentlemen hugely enjoyed the poi, but the most that the majority of us could touch was some of the pork, which was really excellent, an orange and some lemonade made with brown sugar. Then somebody brought out a jelly-cake, which looked very homesick and out of place among the other dishes, but it didn't stay there long, I tell you.

"The natives were asked to give us some music; so, several Kanakas got out their 'taro-patch fiddles,' a kind of guitar, and sang us some Hawaiian airs. One of them leaped up against the veranda post and gazed up into the sky strumming the 'taro-patch' lightly with his fingers, and sang the solo, all the others joining in the chorus. It was a great treat to hear them, and they sang very sweetly and feelingly.

"After that we went out to see the games. A lot of children were swinging by a long rope, which was fastened to the top of a tall tree. A board was fastened to the end, and they took turns in sitting astride of this, while two others pulled on a couple of other ropes, and away they went, right up to the moon.

"About fifteen little girls were playing 'Fox and Geese,' while two gentlemen turned the rope for them. They were very graceful, and skipped splendidly; and, if the fox didn't catch the geese after all, I'm sure it wasn't their fault.

"A great big box of candy was brought out just then, and great handfuls thrown all over the grass, and there was a tremendous scramble. Such a tumult and scampering you never saw; tumbling over each other, laughing and shouting, and I can assure you, they didn't leave a single one.

"There were some young native men and girls near by, who were very much excited and interested over a game of croquet.

"Then began the best fun of all—the races. First, the same woman who raised her hat and a very old man ran a race together. The woman beat, of course, and the poor old fellow was so exhausted he had to sit down on the first thing handy, and that happened to be a stick.

"Then two gentlemen ran a backwards race, which delighted everybody. Then two young ladies belonging to our party were persuaded to try their luck, with a race from the gate, and all the people sitting on the porches scattered over the grounds clapped and hurraed till they were almost beside themselves with excitement, and you could hardly hear yourself think.

"After the races were over, they had an auction of the remains of the feast—several huge barrels of poi, and a great tubful of pieces of pork, wrapped in leaves, five for 'hapapa,'

or twenty-five cents. The auctioneer stood up on a table with all the crowd around him, and the din was tremendous; but he sold all of the poi and pork, and most every one had something to take home.

"About three o'clock we drove off to hear the Royal Hawaiian band at a lovely little park, called Emma Square, and they played such delightful jigs and waltzes that you felt as if you wanted to jump down to the ground and dance till you dropped. The place was fairly alive with carriages, all full of people in holiday attire, and it was a very beautiful scene.

"Then we went home through the quiet, shady streets to our Christmas dinner. You must not think that just because we happened to be away off in the middle of the Pacific Ocean we did not have as good a one as you did. We had turkey and chicken and cranberry sauce, taro and California vegetables, plum-pudding, mince pie, tropical fruits, nuts, raisins and candy, and lots of jokes thrown in.

"Now, don't you think we had a splendid time, and don't you wish you'd been there, too?"

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The other day we read a story of a lady's difficulty in finding the grave of Lafayette, in Paris; and of her sorrow that the ashes of a man so celebrated should repose in so uninviting a spot, without any fitting monument there, or elsewhere in France. So we felt, years ago, when we sought the same shrine, and beheld its unkempt surroundings. But, after all, it may be just as well as it is. For the tribute that is paid to a hero's memory, in silence and alone, who seeks his tomb persistently and through difficulties, is richer and finer than it could be if an emblazoned monument exacted it from every one passing beneath its shadows.

An English minister in a late address, made this point—that deep spiritual life is indispensable to the success of Congregational churches. This was the thought of Dr. Leonard Swain, when he wrote the article, "Congregationalism, the Polity of the Spirit." It is a point needing to be emphasized. There may be some forms of organization which will retain considerable power of a certain kind. Even when the spirit of God is not realized in the membership. But the Congregational churches have all their vitality in the spiritual character of those who are in covenant. It is poor policy to desire numbers so much in beginning a church that we put the interests of Christ's kingdom into the direction of men and women who are not Christians.

Lately, we have read the reports of the various "Immigrant Associations." We are interested in these, and yet we do not approve of some of their methods nor of all of their aims. We wish immigrants to come hither, but slowly, and without special aids, inducements or urgings. The giving of information, by printing, is about all that needs to be done. As it is, our State, our country, is filling with people all too fast. Our natural increase will soon fill the land; and it is a question whether immigration ought not to be discouraged rather than otherwise. It certainly ought to be restricted to those who are not likely to add to the criminal, alien, pauper, and other dangerous classes. People who come only for money, and not for our social, educational, moral and religious advantages, we do not want.

"The Inter-Seminary Missionary Alliance" began its yearly session at Oberlin, Ohio, on the 28th of October, 1886, with a large attendance. President Fairchild and Dr. Brand welcomed the delegates to the college and to the town in fitting speeches. The first paper was on "The missionary outlook." From it we take this summary:

"In the first 100 years of Christianity, the converts increased 100,000. In the last eighty years they have increased 210,000,000. They have gained more in the last 100 years than in the 1,600 years previous. One hundred years ago there were 170 missionary workers; to-day there are 35,000. Of these 3,000 are ordained ministers. Eighty years ago there were seven missionary societies; now there are over a hundred. Then there were 50,000 enlightened heathen; now there are 2,100,000, and 80,000 communicants. Seventy-five years ago the average yearly contribution for missionary purposes was \$250,000; last year it was over \$10,000,000. In 1800 there were only fifty translations of the Bible; there are now 340, and nearly every heathen nation has been started Christianward."

TOPICS SUGGESTED FOR EXHORTATION AND PRAYER, JANUARY 2-9, 1887.

SERMONS.

Sunday, January 2.—"O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come." (Psalm lxxv: 2.)

PRAISE.

Monday, January 3.—For rich spiritual blessings; for the long-suffering grace of God; for manifold temporal blessings, private and public; for many tokens of the mighty working of the Holy Ghost, both at home and abroad; for the increase of missionary zeal among Jews and Gentiles; for new openings for the spread of the Gospel in many lands; for the preservation of peace among the nations. (Psa. cxi; Luke i: 67-79; Deut. xxxii: 1-14; Psa. cxvi; I Chron. xvi: 1-34; Psa. cxvii; I Chron. xxix: 9-20.)

HUMILIATION.

Tuesday, January 4.—For personal sins, family sins, and national sins; for the spread of unbelief and atheism in various quarters; for the fearful extent to which the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, still prevail; for the large amount of intemperance, licentiousness, and other forms of immorality; for the formalism of many, and the cold indifference of others; for unseemly divisions and lack of love among those who are brethren in Christ. (Psa. li; Jerem. xiii: 15-27; Phil. ii: 5-16; Ezra ix: 1-15; I Cor. v: 1-16; I Cor. ii: 1-10.)

PRAYER FOR THE CHURCH.

Wednesday, January 5.—That the people of God may know their high calling and responsibility; that they may be filled with the Spirit and bring forth the fruit of the Spirit, and labor aggressively for the conversion of souls; that grace may be given to all pastors, teachers and preachers to proclaim the Word in its simplicity and fullness, and that the Lord may open the hearts of men to receive it; that believers may walk in fellowship and holy love, remembering that they are one body in Christ, and members one of another. (John xvii: 14-26; Ephes. i: 1-15; I Kings viii: 22-36; John xv: 12-21; Luke vi: 17-36; Ephes. iv: 1-16; Matt. vi: 5-34.)

PRAYER FOR FAMILIES AND SCHOOLS.

Thursday, January 6.—That family love may be sanctified, husbands and wives walking together as fellow-heirs of the grace of life, and training their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; that the young may be early drawn to Christ, and kept from the evil that is in the world; that great grace may be given to all teachers of youth; that the blessing of God may rest on all schools, colleges, universities, and Sunday-schools; for all Christian Associations of young men and young women; for the protection of woman and the home, the reformation of fallen men and women, and the equalizing of the scale of morality for both sexes; for all who are in affliction. (Deut. vi: 1-15; Prov. ix; Ephes. vi: 1-18; I Chron. xvii: 16-27; II Tim. i: 1-14; Coloss. iii: 12-25; Isa. xii.)

PRAYER FOR MISSIONS.

Friday, January 7.—That the church of Christ may recognize the glory of the commission to "preach the gospel to every creature," and may feel it a privilege to make sacrifices that it may be fulfilled; that far greater zeal for the divine glory, and far more pity for the perishing, may be imparted by the Holy Ghost to all the people of God; that faithful laborers may be greatly multiplied, and that all converts may be comforted, upheld, guided and made useful; that the hearts of the unconverted may be opened to receive the truth; that Christian missionaries may be favorably received by heathen rulers and peoples, and that native Christians among the heathen may be kept steadfast and made zealous in seeking the salvation of their countrymen; that God's ancient people, Israel, may acknowledge Christ as the Messiah; that the time may soon come when, according to prophecy, the Spirit shall be "poured out like floods upon the dry ground," and "the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." (Acts ii: 20-41; Isa. xlii: 1-8; Matt. ix: 36-38; Rom. xi: 25-36; Isa. xxxv; Eccles. xi; Isa. xlii: 1-16; Acts x: 34-48.)

PRAYER FOR NATIONS.

Saturday, January 8.—For the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the nations; for rulers and all in authority; for just and equal laws and righteous administration; for the better observance of the Lord's day; for the prevalence of the Spirit of Christ between employers and employed; that anarchism and all forms of lawlessness may pass away, and men live quiet and peaceable lives in all godliness and honesty; for peace among nations, and the removal of all race and sectional antipathies; for the abolition of slavery, the opium trade, the liquor traffic, and all other immoral trades and practices; for the blessing of God on all efforts to remove the curse of intemperance; for the cessation of persecution for conscience' sake, and and of all oppression. (Psalms lxxv and xvi; Joel ii: 23-32; Rom. xiii; I Thess. v: 12-24; Zeph. iii: 14-20; Rom. xiv; Matt. vii: 1-12; I Peter ii: 13-25; Hosea xiv.)

SERMONS.

Sunday, January 9.—"Thy Kingdom Come." (Matt. vi: 10.)



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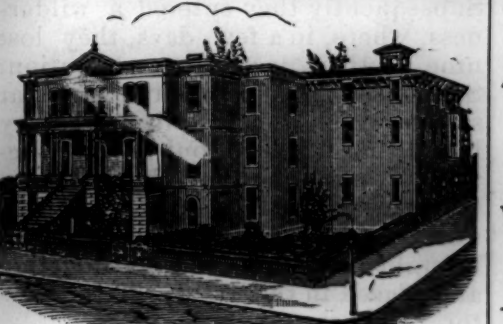
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To win his blessing.

She seeks the Saviour where he is;
'Tis hard to enter,
But shame and scorn allied for this
Do not prevent her.

She comes to him no gift to ask;
She brings the Master
The choicest thing she has—her flask
Of alabaster.

She stands where he reclines at meat;
Derision eyes them;
Her tears, they wet his dusty feet;
Her hair, it dries them.

She comprehends sin's discontent
And disappointment,
As, humbly, humbly penitent,
She pours the ointment.

Her burdened spirit He uplifts
And not accuses;
Though well he knows her life, her gifts
Unhallowed uses.

O sinner, let not shame nor hate
Thy spirit trample;
But come at once and imitate
Her brave example.

Forget it all—their evil heart,
Thy ill-behavior;
And where He is and as thou art,
Seek thou the Saviour.

Bring Him thy gift; though stained with sin,
He will receive it;
The vilest still may enter in.
Dost thou believe it?

—Congregationalist.

NOBODY'S CHILD.

A NEW-YEAR'S STORY.

"I never saw the house look quite as pretty before as it does now," said little Daisy Mount delightedly to her big sister Carrie.

Summoning all the dignity of her seventeen years, Carrie replied, "No, of course you have not, for I have never prepared to receive before."

"And I'm to tend door! Oh! won't it be fun? I wish the first caller would come now."

Daisy laughed merrily while she talked; but Carrie answered, seriously, and just a trifle crossly, "Well, then, I don't. Supposing the bell should ring, do you suppose I would receive calls in this dress?" looking disdainfully down at her blue worsted morning-dress.

"You might; I don't believe the young men would care. You look pretty in anything," Daisy said, admiringly.

Carrie laughed, and then answered, "Never mind any flattery now, but help me put the finishing touches upon these rooms."

A half-hour later the rooms were "all ready," and Carrie ran to her room to dress in the pretty wine-colored silk made expressly for the occasion.

Daisy, being already attired in her prettiest dress, an embroidered blue cashmere, called in her mother to admire the "receiving-rooms"—that is, the two parlors, with portiere curtains hiding the sliding doors and the dining-room in the rear, separated from the back parlor by another portiere curtain.

The Mount house was on a corner, and the parlor and dining-room windows faced the street, so that every one passing by that day had a full view of the prettily arranged windows. Many stopped to admire the vines winding up to the tops of the casements, the sweet hyacinths smiling into their faces, the waxy begonias and brilliant geraniums, the gorgeous scarlet lilies, and the stately callas towering over all.

The flowers and the birds singing in their pretty gilded cages were all passers-by could see, unless it was an occasional glimpse at a smiling face peeping outward over the buds and blossoms.

Daisy was kept very busy from eleven to three letting in and out callers. After three there was a short lull, and the family were left alone a little while.

"I'm most starved," Daisy said, eating a sandwich in a manner quite suggestive of a famished condition, "and, O mamma, I never tasted turkey so good as this."

"That's because you are decidedly hungry," Carrie said. "Everything tastes better than usual to-day. I never tasted such delicious salad, or oysters, or jelly, or coffee, or anything before," laughed Carrie; and with the laugh came another ring of the bell.

Daisy, who had thrown down her sandwich to attend the door, came back with a strange expression, half comic, half serious, upon her face.

"There's a queer, little girl at the door, mamma, all rags as to clothes; and she looks about as cold as a cake of ice."

"What does she want?"

"I don't know."

"Whose child is she?"

"That I don't know, either. But she'll freeze to death if she stands there long. Can I call her in?" Daisy asked, impatiently.

"Yes, call her in, child. Take her right through the hall into the kitchen," Mrs. Mount answered.

Just as Daisy and the strange child reached the kitchen, the front-door bell rang again.

"You tend the door, Martha, please," Daisy said to the housemaid. "I'm tired, and want to rest."

But she did not rest; she only hovered about the strange child with a pitying look upon her face.

"You look cold, and tired, and hungry," she said, kindly. "Sit down by the range, and throw off your hood, and I'll get you a nice lunch."

"The guest did as she was bid; and when the prettily-attired child brought her a plate of nourishing food, she thanked her with quivering lips.

"What is your name?" Daisy asked.

"Dolly."

"Where do you live?"

"Nowhere."

"What? How can you help living somewhere?"

"I mean nowhere particular. Anywhere I can find a place."

"Whose child are you?"

"Nobody's."

Mrs. Mount's pleasant face appeared in the kitchen just then. Daisy said to her, "Mamma, this little girl says she's nobody's child."

"What do you mean, dear? Have you no mother and father?" Mrs. Mount asked, kindly.

"No, ma'am; no mother, no father, nobody," the girl answered.

"Mamma! Mamma!" called Carrie, "will you please come in and help entertain? There's a whole sleigh-load at the door, just about to descend upon our estates."

"Yes, I'll be there in a moment, Carrie, and Daisy, dear, just let this little girl, nobody's child, stay in the kitchen until I return."

An hour passed before Mrs. Mount found an opportunity to look into the kitchen again.

"Mamma! what do you think? This poor, little girl sleeps in barrels, in boxes, under door-steps, or in cold sheds—anywhere and everywhere that she can find a place," Daisy said, in a distressed tone.

"Haven't we got a comfortable place somewhere in this big house that we can give to this poor, little thing who belongs to nobody?" This last question she whispered to her mother, who answered, sympathetically, "I'm sure I wish we had, Daisy, dear; but it would be running too much risk to take a street-waif in whom we know nothing whatever about. She may not have told the truth. She may have a mother and father belonging to the very lowest class. I will question her some."

"Where do you live, little one," she asked the child.

"In Brick street."

"Where is your home?"

"Nowhere."

"Where do you sleep? and where do you eat your meals?"

"I eat anywhere where I can find anything, and sometimes I sleep at Mammy Varden's."

"Who is Mammy Varden? Where does she live?"

"She's an old, ugly, wicked woman, and I hate her. She's got red rims around her eyes, and a red nose; and she's muttering, and scolding and swearing all the time. Sometimes when I beg for her she'll let me sleep on a bed of rags in her dirty room; but it ain't often, for I don't like to beg, and unless it's awful cold I'd rather sleep in a box out of doors than in her awful-smelling room it most chokes me there."

A cheery whistle was heard, and Frank Mount came stamping in to shake the snow from his boots. His mother met him at the doors.

"Don't take your coat off, Frank, my boy," she said; "I suppose you're about tired out, but just one more call; one to please Daisy."

"Yes, sir, to please me," laughed Daisy, running up to her brother with a greeting kiss.

"You want Master Paul Clifton to come over and taste the good things—is that it?" Frank asked teasingly.

Daisy's cheeks flushed, but she answered good-naturedly, "No, I haven't once thought of Paul this afternoon. We want you to go to Brick street."

"Now, Brick street is a lovely place for a young man like me to go to make New Year's calls, isn't it?" he asked, with a grimace.

"It will be lovely in you to go, anyway," Daisy said.

And then Mrs. Mount gave her son a message, which he listened to in a mystified manner, and then hurried off. In a half-hour he was back again with red eyes and a hoarse, choking voice.

"The poor little thing told the truth, mother," he said; "only what she said was as a drop in the bucket. Why, there's a whole ocean of iniquity over in that old house on Brick street. That old woman is a regular hag. It's lucky for her that I didn't have my bootjack with me. Such an old, wrinkled, cruel face and such vixenish eyes I have never beheld before. She is a ragged woman, and her filthy room is the foulest-smelling place I ever was in. She called that poor little Dolly all the foul names her vile mind could think of, and I left her with unutterable loathing. As I walked down the dark, decayed hall-way after leaving her room, I heard a gentle voice call, 'Young man, young man, will you stop here a moment?' I stopped, of course, and groped my way into another room, where an old lady—I call her a lady because she is one—lay on a low, but clean, bed. 'It's a poor place to receive a young gentleman, but I want to make it all right about the little girl you're inquiring about. I couldn't help hearing what Mammy Varden said.' And did she tell the truth?" I asked. 'No,' she said, 'she's a wicked, cruel, low creature, and

will ruin the child if she ever gets hold of her again. Dolly's father was once a good man, but he died a drunkard two years ago. Her mother was a gentle, patient, suffering woman who died in this old house one year ago, leaving poor Dolly a wanderer upon the face of the earth. If I wasn't a poor old bed-ridden creature, with only my little ten-year-old grandson to support me, I'd do something for the child. But you see I can't; it doesn't seem to be God's will.' That's what the poor old creature said, mother; and I do declare I never was so touched before in all my life."

Frank's eyes were full of tears, and so were the eyes of his listeners—his mother's, Carrie's and Daisy's.

"Perhaps it is God's will that we do something for poor Dolly," Daisy suggested, pleadingly.

"Of course, it's God's will! It's as plain as the nose on my face, and that's plain enough, goodness knows," Frank said. "Didn't he lead her to our very door? Of course he did; and Daisy, while you are telling Dolly that she's somebody's child, I want mother in the pantry a minute. Come, mother!"

Frank produced a basket, and his mother followed him into the pantry.

"What do you want, Frank?"

"I want this basket filled for that precious old woman and her little grandson. Didn't she teach us to remember the 'least of these'? And I want her to know it's happy New Year."

While Frank took his journey to Brick street and back a transformation scene went on in the laundry of the Mount house. When he returned he could scarcely recognize Dolly washed, combed and dressed in some of Daisy's outgrown, pretty clothes. I cannot mention all the scenes of the delightful evening that followed. To all in the Mount house it was an evening never to be forgotten for its joy and merriment; but to Dolly it was happiness unutterable and almost overwhelming. During the happy hours one thought stood prominent in her mind; the same thought seemed to drop asleep with her when she closed her eyes in her pure, fragrant bed; and even in her dreams it haunted her like a sweet spirit. It was this: "I am somebody's child."—Religious Telescope.

SEVEN WAYS OF MARRYING.

There are seven separate and distinct ways in which the nuptial knot may be tied, the attending expense of the different modes varying from one dollar to one thousand dollars. The least expensive, and the one seldom adopted, except in cases of elopement, is that afforded by the justice's office. There a couple can be firmly united in the space of a minute for a small sum. It is customary for a groom to dress as he may please when the marriage is to be performed by a justice, and a dress-suit would be sadly out of place in the musty law-office. The one great advantage of the justice shop marriage is its cheapness.

As some people object to being married by a justice of the peace, preferring the sanction of the Church in addition to that of the law, the young people may visit a parsonage instead of a justice's office with the same preparation. The ceremony may be fully as informal when performed at the minister's home, the only difference being that not less than three dollars, and, better still, five or ten dollars, should be paid for the service, although there is no fixed sum charged. The most popular ceremony among people who do not class themselves as in "society," and also among many who do, is a quiet home wedding, where the bride is attired in a suit of plain white or a traveling dress, and the groom in a plain black or brown business suit, where only a few friends and relatives are present. The affair is informal, perhaps a modest supper or lunch being served after the ceremony is performed, and the entire expense to the groom being covered by twenty dollars, or even less. This is the most popular wedding ceremony, and this is the way in which fully twenty-five per cent. of young people are married.

Next in point of favor and inexpensiveness is the informal church wedding, being similar in all things, except that the service is performed within the portals of the church. If the affair is strictly private, the bride and groom may be unsupported, or have bridesmaids or groomsmen, as they please. In the latter case full-dress suits should be worn, increasing the expense. The "full-dress wedding," as it may be called when the ceremony is performed at home, is next in favor. Elaborate trousseau, full-dress suits, bridesmaids and groomsmen, flowers in abundance, and a host of invited guests are the requisite, followed by a reception, feast or lunch, as the contracting parties may desire.

The seventh and last, and most popular, is the full-dress affair performed in church. Among people who desire to create a stir in society this is the favorite. It is expensive, and in many cases unsatisfactory.—Brooklyn Magazine.

God protects those who think of nothing but performing their duty, without perplexing themselves about the consequences of it.—Quesset.

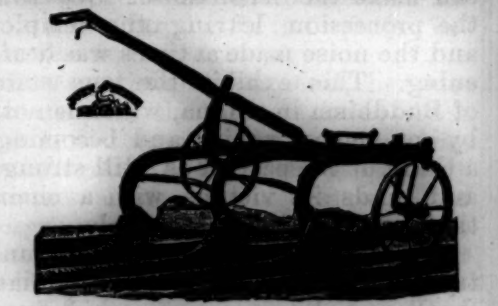
Keep your conduct abreast your conscience, and very soon your conscience will be illuminated by the radiance of God.—J. S. B.

There is nothing so sweet as a duty, and all the best pleasures of life come in the wake of duties done.

There are a hundred kinds of religion, but only one kind of piety.—H. W. Shaw.

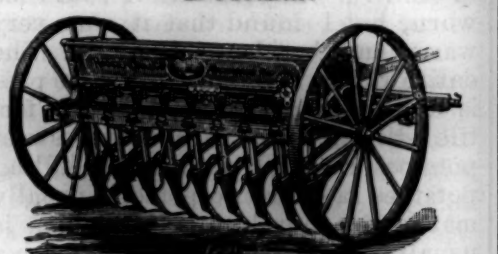
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Subscriptions for THE PACIFIC will be received at the drug store of W. M. Searby, 859 Market street; also at the drug store of David M. Gove, northwest corner of California and Fillmore streets; also by T. P. Strong, insurance agent, 470 Ninth street, Oakland.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1886.

With this number THE PACIFIC ends the year, and closes its thirty-fifth volume. To the most of its readers, and to itself, the year has been one of average prosperity and success. It has gone over some rough places, but it has neared no pitfalls, nor come upon rocks precipitous, upward or downward. In short, it has gone the even tenor of its way, all its principal writers and contributors enjoying their life and keeping their health. But now, almost every year, some one dies who has been a reader of THE PACIFIC from the very first number. From the necessities of the case, all its original patrons will, ere long, have dropped out from the circles they once adorned. The early friends of the paper miss the names of such persons greatly, and feel lonely and lost without them. This sense of loneliness and loss would be utter, were there not others arising in goodly numbers to take their places, and subscribe with their own hands; though to the eye of age the new, the young, tower they never so high, cannot quite fill the places of their predecessors. But, while swept over with such regretful moments, we are neither mourning nor despondent. We are, the rather, glad in the survey of the past, and grateful to those who have pursued our pages, advertised in our columns, joined in our endeavors, shared in our labors, and sympathized with our aspirations. We review the year, therefore, with not a few personal satisfactions, but most of all with gratitude to God for the fair measure of our usefulness, and for the growth of our churches, the increase of righteousness, and the steady advancement of the kingdom of Christ among men. With respect to this number, and in a somewhat literal sense, THE PACIFIC is giving itself away. The bond requires that fifty-two numbers of a paper a year shall be published, and no more, for the annual subscription price. But there have come fifty-three Wednesdays into the year 1886, and THE PACIFIC must omit one number, or print fifty-three numbers; and it has chosen to do the latter thing, in its generosity, and out of its desire to do the handsome thing by its subscribers. We know from experience that it is an unpleasant thing to miss the coming of a regularly read paper, even when we fully justify the omission, have knowledge of the occasion of it, and have no claim at all upon the publishers for it. The readers of this paper are behind no others in intelligence, and will readily appreciate this extra number, as well as the motives which have prompted its publication.

We hope our readers have had, and are having, a Merry Christmas. We say "are having," since it is a meager Christmas that does not last beyond the day or the week set down in the calendar. One of the effects of a true Christmas is to awaken in us great expectations. (The novelist's ridicule of "great expectations," in the world of human vanities, need not hinder our fitter use of the term.) When God gave his Son for our human woe, and our eternal life, it was not true that he could give no more; it was only made certain that, in not withholding the "unspeakable gift," he must, by implication, be pledging himself to give us, most freely, all other good things. And so the great apostle argues in one place and another. It sometimes startles us to say to ourselves that we are the very persons meant, and that God so loved us, just us, worthless as we are, as to give his Son in behalf. And so it may startle us to say that God's giving to us our very selves is not at all limited in its possibilities, and is as profuse in its promises. Since, then, on the heavenly side there is neither exhaustion nor limitation, we ought

to indulge in great expectations. We should ask, and look for, and have, great things—the "all" other "things" noted in the Scripture. Why not expect great things for ourselves? God does not deal with us, under grace, according to our deservings, but according to our needs, coupled with our askings. And that will be a wonderfully good Christmas to us which shall impress us with the thought that, to please God, we must cherish great expectations.

In making amends for the past the Congress, at this session—the lower House, that is—has taken up and passed the "Electoral Count Bill." This is a measure regulating the proceedings of the authorities in ascertaining what persons have been chosen electors of President and Vice-President. The design of it is to prevent any such trouble as arose eight years ago in the closely contested election between Hayes and Tilden—a trouble which might have terminated otherwise than it did, and which led to the choosing of a commission to which to refer the whole matter for the time. It is right that the bill should become the law of the land, even though similar questions should not soon arise.

The other night we were incidentally reminded of the fact that our forefathers of the Plymouth Colony lived under an enforced suffrage—which compelled men to take the offices to which they were chosen, and compelled all electors to cast their ballots, on election days, under severe penalties. Now this is just the sort of legislation we need. We need an enforced suffrage. Every voter who fails to deposit his ballot should be heavily fined. Under ordinary circumstances should no man be excused, and then only by affidavit before a county judge. We shall be liable to have bad politics and poor officers till all voters regularly make their appearance at the polls.

Our sister republic of Chile has just passed through an election for President. Were the manipulations of the polls only a matter of party action, deeds done might be charged to too great enthusiasm, but the opposition freely charge the Government with manipulations which would not be tolerated in the United States. Last year registers were stolen to prevent the election in Santiago of men opposed to the Government. This year the voting was interrupted by the forcible abstraction of ballot-boxes before the election day had closed. In the papers favorable to the Government the abstraction was charged to the opposition. In papers on the other side the act was charged to the Government. The mere interruption of the voting, though unfair by whomsoever done, might be classed among the illegal events of the campaign; but the worst of it was, pistols and knives were used, men of both sides were killed, twenty or thirty died in Santiago because of these troubles, and many others were wounded. We of the United States profess to regard such deeds as these as mockery and profanation of the Republican form of government. But it is charged that the same sort of thing prevails in several Southern States as to the votes of the colored men. Charges of similar doings are made in several of our large cities. We need to be on our guard, for what is free government when the ballot is not pure?

Petitions for signature in favor of the passage of a Sunday Law by the Legislature, have been scattered throughout the State by the Secretary of the Sunday Union recently formed in this city. The co-operation of those received petitions is asked.

Many a pastor wishes his people were better read up in the work of the churches of our faith and polity are doing. We say to such pastors, Get the people to take THE PACIFIC and read up. Begin with the new year.

The South Carolina law prohibiting bar-rooms outside of incorporated towns, and the local option law in towns, have reduced the number of these nuisances from nearly 800 to about 200.

Early this month snow fell in Georgia twenty-two inches deep. Much damage was done to roofs of buildings. Newspaper men complain that printers' work was delayed by the cold.

The attention of the Christian world will be directed more and more to Africa by the lectures Stanley is giving in this country.

The San Francisco County W. C. T. U. will receive its friends on New Year's Day at 132 McAllister street.

A TOUR IN CHINA—X.

BY REV. C. E. HAGER.

It is the fifteenth day of the Chinese second month, and the air is afloat with idolatrous music and the sound of processions. One of these is a great affair. Banners and streamers are flying to the breeze, while the idol is given an airing by having numerous attendants who, while marching, ever and anon, shoot off fire-crackers or pistols. The kong and other instruments of music (?) are vying with each other to see which can make the most noise. We saw the procession leaving the temple, and the noise made at times was deafening. This exhibits the true state of Buddhism in China, which is not, by any means, waning and becoming a thing of the past; it is still strong, and binds its victims with a chain that seems almost inseparable.

The women of this section of country wear a different head-dress than the Yeung Kong women, which is a piece of thick cloth two yards long and two feet wide, with fringes of one yard in length at both ends. It is very heavy, and I put one on which the Doctor had bought for his wife to see with what comfort it could be worn, but I found that it was very warm, and, besides, very heavy. The entire valley through which we pass is rolling, and though not very fertile, still produces corn, beans, sweet potatoes, rice and peanuts. In hilling potatoes in rows two persons usually man one shovel, one of whom is usually a woman or girl who, with a rope fastened to the end of the shovel, pulls it, and thus makes it easier for the man that has hold of the handle of the shovel. This is the common way of hilling sweet potatoes, and may be done easier than if only one man did the work; but Chinese farming ought to form a chapter by itself, which, by no means, is uninteresting to consider.

It is evening when we near the city of Fachau, and we use a little strategy in going to our inn, so that very few persons follow us. We have not forgotten our Ko Chan experience, and we do not propose to be similarly treated. One of us attends to the crowd, while the other secures the accommodations. Finally, we tell the people that if they now go home we will let them see us again to-morrow. At this they all disperse, more or less, and we recline upon our bed boards with a sense of relief that the work of the day and of the week is over. During the last three days we have walked over one hundred miles, besides selling over two dollars' worth of books. We are the more glad because we are able to rest in peace without having Chinese all around us. On the morrow is the Sabbath, and we spend it as much in retirement as possible, though we talk a little to a few people who follow us when we are in search of a retired place. I suppose we seldom spend a Sabbath in which we do not do more or less of religious work, but to-day we feel that we must rest. It is nearly twelve o'clock as we leave the inn for a quiet hillside walk, and, as we come to the city gate, a sight greets us never to be forgotten—two criminals in cages exposed to the public gaze! Both of them are opium smokers, which the first look at their haggard faces and sunken eyes clearly indicates. An immense crowd of people surrounds them, and, as neither of us had ever witnessed such a sight, we drew near to see in what way they were killed by degrees, for it was a punishment employed by no civilized government. The cage was constructed entirely of wood, and had very much the appearance of protections for trees used in cities and towns of America, only it was somewhat larger, in order to allow the criminal sufficient room to stand. It was made of boards which were nailed to the four upright pieces in the corners, and about four or five inches apart. The entire cage was about seven or eight feet in height, while within the cage, about one foot from the ground, were two boards upon which the criminal stood as well as he could. These cages are so constructed as to cause the criminal to suffer all the agony of hanging, but by a very slow process. He can only stand on the end of the toes, because his chin rests upon a board above, so that it is impossible to stand on the whole foot without being compelled to bear the weight of the body on his chin. The head is firmly tied by the queue to a board behind him, and the hands are also fastened by a rope and firmly tied down behind him. The feet are also chained to the sides of the cage. With head, hands and feet thus fastened and tied, he presents a miserable spectacle. Both of these criminals were thus exhibited, and misery was depicted in their faces. The saliva ran out of their mouths, but they were unable to wipe it off. Every one came to see the sight, while it was more an occasion for weeping. As we pressed our way through the crowd to the criminals, they turned their eyes towards us, but, for once, we were not laughed at by these two men when the words "foreign devils" were repeated by different ones with a laugh. We did not stay long because the sight was too sad, and we were afraid the crowd might devise some mischief. Certain it is that some of them would like to have served us, as the criminals before us were punished. For these reasons we hastened away, but the ghastly look of the prisoners followed us even to our mountain retreat, where we rested.

In the evening we learned what their crime had been, which was nothing more than stealing, but this was the third offense, and accordingly was thus severely punished. We were told that the criminals would remain in the cages until dead, but that if not dead the next morning some poisonous drug would be given them so that their sufferings might have an end. Our boy told us that they had already the appearance of death upon their countenances in the evening, and that they probably would not live until morning. But what was the real cause of the crimes committed? Opium, I venture to say; for these poor wretches had no money to buy the drug or the necessities of life, so they went to stealing. How sad and pitiful their end! What pains they must have endured ere dead! But what will the future be? In the evening, also, a farmer tells a pitiful tale of having lost his daughter by death. She had hung herself, so it was reported, but he believed that she had been secretly dispatched. He went to the Yamun to report his case to the officials, and because he was poor he must kneel in the courtyard and beat a drum to let the officials know that he could not pay. Those who have means must always pay to gain a hearing from the officials. Strange administration of justice when the decision is usually rendered on the side of the most money! But this is the case in China. Not only are criminals treated in an inhuman manner (perhaps we of America treat offenders of the law too well), but for any civil case which the mandarins settle there are large sums demanded, and justice fails to the side of the heavier money-bag. We close the day in trying to speak of God's final judgment to a few listeners who have come to our room to see us. Our theme has been suggested by the punishment of the two exposed criminals. We tried to urge them to turn to God, and he would receive them; and although his judgments should be feared, still his mercy was great enough to provide a sufficient pardon for all.

Fa Chan is a city of twenty thousand inhabitants, and at the juncture of two rivers. It occupies a good and healthy position, and its people, on the whole, are not any worse than some others in China. The sun crossed the equinox on the Sabbath this year. We cannot remain long in the city, and so, as another heaven (the Chinese sometimes use the word heaven for day) dawns upon us, we make our last journey before joining our helpers again. During this journey we pass a large market town, called Cheung Ki, where the people evidently also had never seen a foreigner. How they crowd around us! I should have feared for our safety if I had not already seen crowds before, and felt myself as much at home in the midst of that throng as if I had been at home in my mother's parlor. I knew they would not hurt us, and their words I need not notice. During this day we also saw a deformed Chinese, who was only about three or four feet in height. I had never seen such a small Chinaman before.

As we approach Min Lok, our final destination, we see a number of small bamboo huts about the size of a dog-kennel, but somewhat longer. These are in the midst of the fields, and serve for houses to those who watch that no one steals the produce of the soil. But we reach Min Lok, having only walked twenty-one or two miles to-day, and here we separate, Dr. T. returning home, and I continuing on my journey. I had intended to return with him, but circumstances prevented me from so doing. There have been many pleasant hours in our journey, and occasionally we have unbent ourselves and talked of the time when the Doctor was valedictorian at the New York College of Physicians. I cannot forbear asking him what the physical state of a man is who walks forty miles a day, and on five hours of sleep. We are not in New York now, walking up and down Broadway, but in China, where all the knowledge learned and training gained, physically, mentally and spiritually, is needed. We have come from different parts of our land to do something for the Chinese; viz., to bring them the gospel of Jesus Christ. The Doctor had hoped to engage more in missionary work, but he finds that all his time is taken up in medical work, so as to exclude any other work he might wish to do. Still, the medical work has done much in opening China to the missionary, and it would be well if every missionary knew more or less of medicine, so as to treat light cases, and send the more difficult ones to a general hospital in charge of a regular doctor. There is no doubt that a physician is more kindly received than the missionary; still, there are some things about the doctor's profession which make it exceedingly trying; but if one longs for an occasional thank-offering or word of praise, he must never become a missionary, but a missionary doctor. I say occasional, because there are many Chinese who, after being healed of their bodily ailments, do not return even as much as a few thanks to the doctor who has healed them for nothing.

Y. W. C. T. U.

The gospel temperance meeting had abundance of good music and good speaking last Sunday in Irving Hall, and we understand they have a delightful programme for January 2d in the same hall, 139 Post street, at 3:30 p. m. All are invited.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CLUB OF THE PACIFIC.

The Congregational Club of the Pacific met at the rooms of the Pacific Club, on Post street, on Tuesday, the 21st inst., to celebrate Forefathers' Day. After partaking of an elegant banquet, and the transaction of a little business, the President, John McKee, Esq., introduced the orator of the occasion, Professor Homer B. Sprague. Professor Sprague rapidly sketched the history of the persecution that drove the Pilgrims to seek a refuge in the New World. Their arrival was the forerunner of the greatest republic that shall yet include the whole world. The stern, rugged nature of the Pilgrims was eloquently described in verse. Joined afterwards by the Puritans, the speaker declared the two classes represented the strongest-minded men and the saintliest women ever known. The first pure democracy was formed by their descendants; separation of Church and State took place, a principle that has been recognized by the Constitution of the United States.

The beautifying power of their deep religious feeling was depicted; their freedom from mammon-worship and from hypocrisy; their love of truth, and their earnest desire to find out the perfect will of God. Incidental mention was made of slavery; its small beginnings with the colony at Jamestown, and its rapid growth, till it filled and overshadowed the whole land; its sudden collapse and banishment from our emancipated country. The speaker concluded with an eloquent peroration, expressing a fervent hope that the country would be ever true to the principles of the Pilgrim Fathers. Professor Sprague spoke for one hour, and the oration was greeted with rapturous applause. The President next introduced Miss Millicent W. Shinn, a descendant of the voyagers of the Mayflower, who read an original poem, which was greeted with most hearty manifestations of approval. Remarks from Rev. Dr. H. M. Booth of New York followed, when the President unwillingly announced the hour for closing had arrived, and called upon Miss Harriet Moor, who recited Mrs. Hemans' ode to the Pilgrims in an exceedingly happy manner. The pleasant occasion was closed by singing of the Doxology by the whole company. Miss Shinn's poem was as follows:

TO THE CHILDREN OF PILGRIMS.

O, sweet December day, that shines
Across these green hills' tender lines,
These rounded slopes against the blue,
These meadows fledged with grasses new;
Was it this day a cold sky frowned
Above the iron, frozen ground,
Where, stricken through with deadly chill,
Wave-worn and weary, faint and ill,
A knot of outcasts sought their rest
On earth's inhospitable breast?
Oh, pitiful! for them no place
In all old England's courts of grace,
Nor prelatist, nor Puritan
Would aught of them, who man by man
Would know the Lord, nor own the sway
Of Rome's nor of Geneva's way—
"Not Luther, nor yet Calvin, nor yet me,"
Their teacher taught, "but what yourselves
shall see
In God's most holy word"—for such as these
No room in England's church across the seas.
No room in English meads their grandfathers
knew,
Where Scrooby's gentle stream goes wander-
ing through.
Oh, pitiful outcast, in poverty,
Tossed up on savage shores by savage sea!
Oh, wonderful! they came with steady cheer;
Nor sad, nor yet exultant, void of fear;
Simply heroic, yet not unaware
What potent futures this their deed might
bear.
Oh, wonderful! a simple folk and plain;
Not like the grave and stately inter train,
By lords and merchants sped, with gold and
gear.
To build their strong and godly city here—
A knot of yeomen and a few school-ed men:
Bradford and courtly Winslow, keen of pen;
Brewster, whose youth knew courts and
schools; and he
Their broad-shouldered leader, left beyond the
sea.
How knew they all a statesmanship so great,
Wiser than all the wise ones of their state!
How simply sane their creed cut through the
ties
Of all their time's fine-spun theologues!
How hold their will and free their thought!
How large they planned, how humbly
wrought!

O tender, smiling, rose-wreathed land,
Serene beside thy sun-kissed strand,
Strange, strange it is that deep below
Thy mighty rock foundations go,
Eastward, still east, beneath all change
Of river, prairie, mountain range,
Deep down in unsummed spaces ran,
And bled thee evermore in one
With that hard coast that frozen lay
Beneath their feet that frowning day!
Stranger that these our lives should be—
Idle or trivial, careless, free—
Deep-bound through centuries between,
Under all change the years have seen,
In far, mysterious oneness still
To those dead men of mighty will!
Oh, strange that this the life that goes
So lightly through our veins, nor knows
A solemn pulse of vast endeavor,
Flows down from such a source forever—
Throbbed in brave hearts that very day,
On the stern shore of Plymouth bay!

Yet, as a mighty cannon's boom
Thrills deep along the hidden gloom
Of earth's rock ribs, and finds the ear
Laid close, with bated breath, to hear—
So listen back along the chain,
Deep down in sunless spaces lain,
Down in the awful mystery
Of life's foundations holding thee,
And even yet the careless pulse shall feel
The low, majestic, deep-resounding peal
Of that most mighty deed our fathers
wrought.

Of that great power that feeble mortals
brought
To dare the harsh unknown—more brave
than they
Who fearless turn to Death's well-trodden
way—
Shall feel, reverberating through the blood,
The far-off promise of their loftier mood,
And long with sudden pain to be, like these,
At whatsoever dear cost of many woes,
So used as building stones in God's great
plan,
And make the nations fitter homes for man.

Home Missionary.

Conducted by J. H. Warren, D. D.

Office, No. 7 Montgomery Avenue.

THE REVIVAL IN CLAYTON.

No news from the churches is so thrilling and interesting as the revival of religion in the community where the church has striven and struggled for years to build up Christ's kingdom by bringing precious souls into it. In forwarding his quarterly report, Pastor Strong of Clayton (be it understood, however, it was not for the press) writes as follows:

"My report is much overdue for one special reason—that, from about the first of November, time and strength have been employed and exhausted in a special work of grace which the Lord has wrought for us. It is nearly six weeks since this rain of righteousness has begun to descend upon us.

"December 21st.—I was interrupted here in my report, and have not been able to resume it till this date. The work of grace to which I have alluded still continues, and seems, for a few days past, to be renewed, with fuller meetings and more inquirers. The coming of the divine Spirit seemed like a sudden coming to his temple. It was in connection with our ordinary and regular services on the Sabbath eve, which I have devoted these years to the young people. Such was the manifest presence of God that we kept appointing a preaching service, from eve to eve, for all that week, with the exception that one evening was devoted to our regular prayer-meeting, and that was more extraordinary for the work of the Spirit than any preaching. That week there were about twenty conversions. Probably, up to this time, there are not far from thirty who have been born again. The work of conversion seemed stayed after about three weeks; but, after a while, the meetings became larger than ever. The seating capacity of the church, we may say, is filled every Sabbath evening, and the after-meetings have become somewhat as at the beginning.

"From the beginning there has been present with us Rev. D. F. Watkins, a missionary from Mexico, whose preaching and labor has been most efficient. He is sojourning in this place for rest and the recruiting of health and strength. In him I have a wonderful helper in this work. God sent him here, and I magnify his name for giving us such an instrumentality. Besides him we have had, for a few days each, two other pastors.

"The characteristics of our work are that it is without noise or excitement—in the still voice of the Spirit, with the stirring of deep emotions and holy consecrations. Of those born into the kingdom, ages range from eight or nine to near sixty. The children come easily; the older, generally, with prolonged struggles. I will speak of but two cases definitely. One is of a man somewhat short of fifty. He came into one of our meetings, greatly under the influence of liquor, to the use of which he had been addicted for twenty years. Some boon companions of the saloon had put a lighted cigar or pipe in his coat pocket, and he came in with his coat smoking and took his seat, all unconscious of it; but it was soon made known to him, and he walked out from away up in front, for the church was full when he came in. When he had extinguished the fire, he came back to his former seat, and, at the after-meeting, arose for the prayers of God's people and became a converted man, as appears up to the present time.

"Another instance which occurred more recently: It is of a man, perhaps, past fifty (also one addicted to drink), and, when intoxicated, is very talkative. The habits of the saloon coaxed him into meeting when in this condition; and sure enough, I suppose, they had their fun, for he talked characteristically, and disturbed the meeting some; but he remained to pray. He came to me the next morning, sober and with shame and confession. He has become a praying man, and is trying to live a Christian.

"A week ago last Sabbath—the second Sabbath of December—we received to the church thirteen; eleven of them who had taken sides with Christ openly in this revival; two by letter. But one of these had retained his letter from a sister church, and had been lost in the world—a young man brought out again to the light, and a new consecration. The first conversion was that of a young man, the principal of our public school. His example had a great influence. Two of our young converts have united with a neighboring church. We expect numbers more will, very soon, unite with the church. Sabbath-school is doubled in numbers. Have organized a Young People's Endeavor Society of about thirty members. Brethren, pray for us!"

BORN.

TOUSLEY.—In the city of Rome, N. Y., to Dr. and Mrs. R. F. Tousley, a daughter, on Monday, December 6, 1886.

DIED.

TOUSLEY.—In Rome, N. Y., Monday, December 13, 1886, at 3 p. m., Sophie Corwin Tousley, beloved wife of Robert F. Tousley, M. D., and eldest daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Corwin of Racine, Wis.

Children's Corner.

A DEAR LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM.

With her funny little glasses,
You'd have thought her very wise,
If it wasn't for the laughter
That was peeping from her eyes;
Just the queerest and the dearest
Little school-ma'am ever known,
Whose way of teaching boys and girls
Was certainly her own.

"I give my brightest pupil,"
In a pleasant tone, she said,
"A little corner by herself,
To show that he is head;
And, to spare the tender feelings
Of the dullest boy, I put
All the others in a circle,
So you can't tell which is foot."

"Whenever any pupil
In his lessons doesn't miss,
I encourage his endeavors
With a penny sugar-kiss;
And, since this slight upon the rest
Might too severely fall,
I take the box of kisses,
And I hand 'em round to all."

"I've asked them what they'd like to be
A dozen times or more,
And each, I find, intends, when grown,
To keep a candy store;
So, thinking that they ought to have
Some knowledge of their trade,
I've put a little stove in,
Just to show them how it's made."

"Enthusiastic? Bless you,
It is wonderful to see
How interested in such things
A little child can be;
And, from their tempting taffy
And their luscious lollipops,
I'm sure they'll do me credit
When they come to open shops."

And, with a nod that plainly showed
How free she was from doubt,
She deftly smoothed the wrinkles
Of her snowy apron out—
Just the queerest and the dearest
Little school-ma'am ever known,
Whose way of teaching boys and girls
Was really her own.

—*Christina St. Nicholas.*

A NEW YEAR'S FROLIC.

"But we may try, mayn't we?"
pleaded Bob and Archy, and their
grandma smiled as she answered:
"Certainly, you may keep awake if
you can, and welcome in the New
Year at midnight. Only mind that
you don't set the house on fire!"

"Then we may keep the lamp?"
"For a while," said grandma.

The boys pranced up to bed very
merry, and certain that they were
wakened enough to watch the old year
out. It had been a trial that grand-
ma would not let them sit up and
stay dressed, but she said they would
surely take cold, and it would not be
allowed.

"If we do keep awake we may have
first wish, mayn't we?" asked Bob.
"And I know what that will be?"
added Archy. "Grand new sleds
with steel runners."

"And if I get first wish it is new
spectacles to replace those you tied
on the cat and she lost in the barn,
eh?" said grandma.

The boys hurried away, not caring
to reply; for, as Archy said, "Spec-
tacles cost so much when a fellow's
pocket money is only a shilling a
week."

It was easy at first to keep awake,
telling stories and guessing riddles,
but presently Archy's voice grew
faint, and Bob heard a slight but un-
mistakable snore, which made him
punch Archy vigorously.

"But you are awfully sleepy," he
said, good-naturedly. "Take a nap,
and then I'll wake you, and you can
watch while I have one."

It was not so much fun being the
only boy awake, and Bob must have
dozed a bit; for suddenly he heard
the clock striking and sprang up.

"Happy New Year, Archy! Wake
up, old fellow!"

"Indians? Where?" said Archy,
greatly startled by the shout in his
ear.

"Nowhere. Happy New Year!"

Bob tumbled up and went thump-
ing down stairs, shouting his greet-
ing to grandma, but, behold! there
was the good man still reading the
paper in the sitting-room, and point-
ing, with a smile, at the clock, which
plainly said ten. The boys retreated,
and, though they laughed, they felt
rather crestfallen—and keeping
awake was so hard that dawn had
come before Bob opened his eyes again.

"Must be daytime; for I can see
the light," he said, and hurrying in-
to his clothes, he stole down stairs,
this time quite certain that the New
Year had come. He opened the
kitchen door with such a shout that
Keziah, who was just lifting the pail
of new milk to strain it, let it fall,
and she and Bob, who rushed to
help save it, both got wet with the
warm white fluid. Bob did not
care so much as he would if grandma
had not called from his bedroom that
the boys had certainly got ahead of
him this time.

So after breakfast, when Bob and
Archy devoured an astonishing num-
ber of New Year's cakes, made very
large, very sweet, and fried very
brown, the happy boys received the
longed-for sleds and set out for
Three-mile Hill. This was a grand
coasting place, and to-day many of
the village boys were enjoying it.
You may be sure Bob and Archy dis-
played their sleds, and exchanged
rides, ran races, and all the other
things that boys with new sleds are
apt to do. It was Ben Price who
"dared" Bob to slide down hill back-
wards.

"I can, and I'll do it on the other
side, too," said Bob.

The boys cheer. Three-mile Hill
sloped on two sides down to the
meadowland, and one was very steep.
Bob started, sitting on his sled with

his back to the descent. He went
pretty well for a little, then the sled
spun around, shot off to one side,
and suddenly both it and Bob seem-
ed to disappear and sink into the
ground.

"Mr. Plummer's old well!" cried
Archy in horror.

"It's dry and partly filled up," said
Ben, and all the boys ran pell-mell
down the hill to rescue their com-
rade. They drew him up by a line
made of their sled ropes. He was
not much bruised, as the well was
partly filled with snow, and there
was no water in it; but the new sled
was rather battered.

"I'm thankful New Year's day only
comes once in twelve months," said
grandma, when she heard the tale.

"I'm not," said Bob and Archy,
both at once.—*Youth's Companion.*

KEEP BUSY.

A maxim of one eminent man was,
"Never be unemployed, and never be
triflingly employed." One great se-
cret of success is to improve idle time,
and find something for all hands to
do. And it is necessary that a man
find constant work not for himself on-
ly, but also for his employees. There
are persons who never know how to
set themselves at work, and they
never find any work outside of their
own particular sphere. They will sit
down in the midst of dirt and disor-
der, and though they have nothing
else to do will never find time to "put
things to rights," and arrange matters;
and so all is neglect and confusion.
Idleness is worse than rust, and it
not only defrauds the employer, but
it damages the employee. "Improve
your opportunities," said Napoleon
Bonaparte to a school of young men.
"Every hour lost now is a chance for
future misfortune." Every hour
idled and dawdled away by an em-
ployee improves his chances for an ear-
ly discharge. A man who watches
for work to do, whose eyes are
open, who clears up litter, and puts
things in order, and in a dull time
makes ready for business when it
comes, will be appreciated, his ser-
vices will be in demand, he will be
one of those men who cannot be spar-
ed, and will hold his place as long as
there is any place to hold.

Few persons consider the vast dif-
ference between the work accomplish-
ed in a lifetime by a diligent, ener-
getic, active man, and that accom-
plished by a neglectful, listless and
mechanical idler. The wise employ-
ment of idle time may make all the
difference between failure and success.
Most business is done in these days
upon a narrow margin. A million
dollars received and paid out leaves
nothing for the laborer; but if a million
dollars be received and only nine
hundred thousand paid out, the one
hundred thousand represents the
margin and the profit on the business.

The lack of a few hundred dollars'
margin in a business of thousands or
millions may, at a critical time, result
in failure and ruin. Wise economy
in the use of time may afford the
margin necessary to success. Care-
lessness or neglect in such little mat-
ters may render fruitless the labor of
a lifetime. Eternal vigilance is the
price of success.—*The Christian.*

GLASS HOUSES.

The old proverb says, "People who
live in glass houses should not throw
stones"; but among the marvels of
modern mechanical invention is a
glass house in which you can throw
stones, if you have a penchant for
that kind of exercise. It seems the
cost of making glass has been very
greatly reduced of late years, so that
it is possible to furnish huge blocks
of white or colored glass for about
the same price as ordinary granite.
Nor would the blocks be in the rough,
but would be furnished in pillars,
in highly ornamented and beautiful
designs. A glass house would be
more durable than one of stone,
while it could be made as resplend-
ent as the dream of Kubla Khan,
whose marvelous mansion is describ-
ed in Coleridge's poem, where "Alpha,
the sacred river, ran down to the sun-
less sea." Glass, it is found, can be
made four times stronger than gran-
ite, and can be supplied in immense
blocks, highly ornamented and in
different colors, for about the same
cost. There is no difficulty in cem-
enting the blocks together, as sand
can be fused so as to make the join-
ings as durable as any part of the
structure. Glass can be made ductile,
and even elastic, for balls are made
of it which will rebound from the
floor. Its uses are extending. It is
employed in a hundred ways not
thought of a century ago. It is re-
placing wood as ties for railroads.
Scientists predict the time will come
when the wealthy will live in glass
houses, sit on glass chairs, recline on
glass couches, and array themselves
in glass garments. Who will be the
first New Yorker to build a great
palace of glass? It would be strong,
and far more durable than any brick
or stone now in use.

THE NASTURTIUM IN WINTER.

But I have never had any plant
that gave greater pleasure and bright-
er blooms than the climbing nastur-
tium. I remember that I had, one
winter, a box containing two or three
vines of the Lobbianum varieties.
These were trained around the back
and ends of the pit, and the gay
blooms were produced in great num-
bers. I think I have never had any
flowers so admired during the win-
ter.—*Vick's Magazine.*

AN AFRICAN NEW YEAR'S CARD.

Of course, all boys and girls know
that the cactus is—a green, gro-
tesque-looking plant, almost covered
with sharp spines, and bearing a
most gorgeous flower; but I am sure
they do not know all of the uses to
which the cactus can be put, nor do
I believe that the most ingenious
guesses could come near to the truth.

It is a native of America, but it has
been taken to Europe and Africa,
and now grows in the latter country
in great profusion.

But, after all, the oddest use of the
cactus prevails in Cape Town, South
Africa, where its leaves are made to
serve the purpose of visiting cards.
Fancy carrying about in your coat
pocket a lot of thick leaves covered
with spines as sharp as needles! But,
wait a moment. The leaves of the
particular kind of cactus so used are
not very prickly, and, moreover, they
are not carried about, but are left
growing on the plant which stands at
the foot of the front steps.

When a lady calls she has only to
draw out one of those ever ready hat
pins, with which ladies are always
provided, and with the sharp point
scratch her name on the glossy, green
surface of a leaf. A gentleman gen-
erally uses the point of his penknife.
The lines turn silvery white and re-
main on the leaf, clear and distinct,
for years and years. On New Year's
Day, these vegetable cards are es-
pecially convenient, and ladies who
wish to keep the calls of that day
apart from those of other days ap-
propriate a branch of the cactus to that
purpose.

One gentleman in Cape Town has a
cactus plant which is nearly fifteen
feet high. Its great thick leaves are
almost all in use as visiting-cards, so
that he has a complete and lasting
record of his visitors. It cannot be
said that this practice adds to the
beauty of the plant, but then it is
oddy and not beauty that is desired
in such cases.

There is one cactus, not so plenti-
ful as that just described, which is of
a very accommodating character. It
not only has smooth leaves, but the
spines it has are so large and stiff
that they can be used as pens for
writing on the leaves.—*St. Nicholas.*

A GODLESS OLD MAN.

There is hardly a sadder spectacle
on earth than that furnished by a
godless and graceless old man, who
has lived in this Christian land per-
haps three-quarters of a century, and
all of whose days have been spent
without any effort to lay up for him-
self a treasure in heaven. His child-
hood and youth were thus spent; his
manhood and middle age were thus
spent; and now, there he is, in old
age, with life on earth almost gone,
and on the very margin of the grave,
with eternity just before him, and
with not the first thing yet done in
the way of preparing to meet God in
judgment. Death frowns upon him.
He finds no pleasure in thinking of
the past, none in the present, and
none in the future. Meditation brings
him no joy; memory and conscience
afford him no comfort. He is with-
out the blessing of Christian hope
when he most needs it. The disabili-
ties and pains of his body make life a
burden to him, the activities of busi-
ness that once employed his thoughts
he can no longer bear. He must,
for sheer necessity, lay down the
earthly tasks of life. In a short
time he will be dead, and he knows
it. The Book Divine is no source of
comfort to him; he is not sufficiently
familiar with it to be comforted by it,
and not in a moral condition to re-
ceive its comforts or be entitled to
them. Alas, for that man! there are
no prospects before him that sweetly
invite his thoughts to the spirit world.
The simple truth is, he has laid up
for himself no treasure in heaven.
This one thing he has not done.
Many things he has done, but this
never. He may leave millions to his
children, but there are no millions
for him in the skies. His whole re-
cord on earth is wrong, fundamen-
tally and awfully wrong; and now
there is, at last, in his feebleness and
decay—near the end of a wasted and
misspent existence—a sore affliction
to himself and a solemn warning to
every passer-by. Who will envy him
his lot? Who would imitate his ex-
ample? His life in this world, as to
the great purpose for which it was
given, is simply a prodigious failure.
It ends without hope here, and in
eternal darkness hereafter.—*Independent.*

FAIRS AND FESTIVALS.

We regard it as an improper and
hurtful method for providing for the
support of the gospel, not to be done
if it can possibly be avoided. We
further believe that it can be avoided
in most cases by willingness on the
part of the people to do their duty,
and that the substitution of fairs and
festivals for the free gifts of the peo-
ple in the discharge of their duty has
a tendency to diminish the sense of
obligation and a willingness to com-
ply therewith. We are not prepared,
however, to say that there are not
situations where the people are really
so poor and so small in numbers
that they cannot support the preach-
er of the gospel, and where the pub-
lic outside of the church bear such a
relation to the work that they will
not voluntarily subscribe, but will
patronize fairs and festivals; and
that, under such circumstances, it is
wrong, as a temporary expedient, to
hold such a festival, properly con-
ducted, we are not prepared to main-
tain.—*Christian Advocate.*

GLEANINGS.

Live near to God, and so all things
will appear to you little in compar-
ison with eternal realities.—*R. M.
McCheyne.*

The heights of earthly promotion
and glory lift us no whit nearer to
heaven. It is easier to step there
from the lowly vale of humiliation
and sorrow.—*Poor.*

The man who got the pearl of great
price had to sell out all to obtain it,
and he couldn't talk of much of any-
thing but pearls after that.—*Rev. G.
McLaughlin.*

If we practice goodness, not for
the sake of its own intrinsic excel-
lence, but for the sake of gaining
some advantage by it, we may be cum-
ing, but we are not good.—*Cicero.*

We are in hot haste to set the world
right and to order all affairs; the
Lord hath the leisure of conscious
power and unerring wisdom, and it
will be well for us to learn to wait.—
C. H. Spurgeon.

The proud man hath no God; the
envious man hath no neighbor; the
angry man hath not himself. What
good, then, is being a man, if one has
neither himself, nor a neighbor, nor
God?—*Bishop Hall.*

Millions who know nothing of the
external evidence of Christianity have
a most certain persuasion that Jesus
is the Christ, the Son of God, be-
cause they have looked directly to
him in simple faith, and found him
in eternal life.—*Dr. J. S. Nichols.*

Dress has a moral effect upon the
conduct of mankind. Let any gen-
tleman find himself with dirty boots,
old surtout, soiled neckcloth, a gen-
eral negligence of dress, he will, in
all probability, find a corresponding
disposition by negligence of address.

There is nothing in the world so
substantial as the love of God. One
act of divine love is a more finished
thing than a statue of Phidias or
Praxiteles. It is more firm than the
foundation of the Alps. It is more
enduring than the round world
which God has made so strong. All
things are bubbles to it.—*F. W. Faber.*

I may do little, or I may do much.
That matters not. It must be my
own work. And by doing my own
work, poor as it may seem to some,
I shall better fulfill God's end in mak-
ing me what I am, and more truly
glorify his name, than if I were ei-
ther going out of my own sphere to do
work of another, or calling in another
into my sphere to do my proper work
for me.—*Ruskin.*

No wise man would seek to be ex-
empted from the healthy discipline of
trouble any more than an intelligent
child would wish to be excused from
school and to be allowed to play all
day and every day in the meadows.
No; we are not butterflies that flit
from flower to flower. Life is real,
life is earnest, and the tonic of sorrow
braces and strengthens us to make it
so.—*Spurgeon.*

A good digestion is as truly obliga-
tory as a good conscience; pure blood
is as truly a part of manhood as a
pure faith; a vigorous brain is as nec-
essary to useful living as a vigorous
will, which it often helps to make
vigorous; and a well-ordered skin is
a first condition of that cleanliness
which is next to godliness.—*Christian
Union.*

Find us a better answer to the
questionings of our pride than Christ
has furnished! Show us a better
ideal of manhood than he has given!
Bring us a better testimony of the
life beyond the grave than he has
borne! Ah! for four thousand years
the world tried in vain to return to
God; and, now that he has come him-
self to be the way, we will not give
him up for any negation.—*W. M.
Taylor.*

Littell's Living Age.

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A NEW YEAR PRAYER.

The Christmas moon rides bravely in the skies;
The young and untired year is at the gate.
We tremble at his aspect, grave with fate;
At his inscrutable, unsmiling eyes,
Subtle with hope and full of prophecies.
Lord, he is all unknown, but Thou art true;
As in the old year, guide us in the new!

The clock has struck; with the last clanging knell
Comes in the new year, goeth out the old;
To-morrow is to-day, to have and hold;
The future binds us with her mystic spell.
For bliss? for bale? what man shall ask or tell?

Forward we look with wistful, questioning eyes;
Lord, who art wisdom's fountain, make us wise!

The old year's love shall live on in the new.
But love is weak and ignorant and blind,
Led by each wandering fancy of the mind,
Enticed by song of bird and scent of dew,
Misleading still where faith it would be true.
O Lord, whose love fails never night or day,
Teach us to love in Thine own perfect way!

That comes to end which now is just begun.
To wax, to wane, it is the common fate;
The new year must be old year, soon or late.

The hovering shadow wrappeth every one,
And hides him from the day and from the sun.
Darkness and light are Thine, O Lord,
most high;

Make us content to live and glad to die!
—Congregationalist.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND NOVEL.

BY HARRIET WATERS PRESTON.

In "The Experience of Life," Miss Sewell took formal and final leave of her own sober youth, and a long leave also of her youthful readers; and the principles of true Anglicanism would have been left to languish in New England, at least, had not a younger champion of the same opportunely arisen, more buoyant and enthusiastic than the first, equally well furnished with church lore and panoplied in church loyalty, and, if less masculine in the grasp of her intellect, considerably more versatile, brilliant, and fascinating. This one—I mean Miss Yonge, of course—was just as keen an observer of English life as her elder, but a far more sympathizing and lenient critic. She was a born colorist, also, and her instincts and preferences were romantic and chivalric in the highest degree. It is all very well to scoff at the heir of Redclyffe as a nursery hero. He was that, undoubtedly, and happy the nursery where such an ideal is enshrined, but he was also much more. He restored, for a time, to the rather starved imagination of nineteenth-century childhood—and not of childhood only—the gracious and affecting image of the beardless Christian knight, *san peur et sans reproche*; adorned with many earthly gifts and graces, but radiant above all with the singular rapture reserved for those who seek the Creator of their souls early—Sir Galahad, St. George, St. Stanislaus. The influence of De la Motte Fouque in shaping this fair conception was evident, and, indeed, freely acknowledged. All the infinite picturesque of medieval piety, rediscovered by the Oxford movement for the delight of souls at once artistic and devout, glowed on the pages of Miss Yonge's most popular tale, no less than on the maiden canvases of Rossetti and Millais. Manzoni, too, had his influence there, and that a peculiarly wholesome one, by virtue of his charming humor, the like of which was also among Miss Yonge's manifold gifts, and saved her effectively, in those early days at least, from anything like an absurd anti-climax. Altogether, the type of goodness which she presented for imitation to her young readers was far more joyous and winning, more supple and, so to speak, possible, than the saint-fastidiousness of Lady Blanche Evelyn, or the painful precision and difficult resignation of the namesake of the renowned Aunt Sarah. Never afterward did Miss Yonge attain to depicting anything quite equal, for novel and tender charm, to this one highly idealized figure—the spirited self-devotion and impassioned sanctity of Guy Morville, his marvellously rapid victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil, and the smiling serenity of his untimely death; while not once, even when most moved, is the reader allowed to forget to what sole tradition of doctrine, what instruments, and what sacraments, this dazzling early blossom of chivalrous piety is to be ascribed.

In the force and ingenuity, however, with which the arguments are pressed home on which these articles of faith repose, the varieties of character and destiny which are compelled to illustrate them, and the firmness and brightness of her delineation of a certain small and exclusive but by no means unimportant section of English life, Miss Yonge did certainly advance from strength to strength, until, like her predecessor, she arrived at the culmination both of her analytic and constructive power in a perfectly unpretending narrative of middle-class English town life. "The Daisy Chain" is a story for young people, with a rather foolish title, and of seemingly inordinate length, but the ability lavished upon it is simply marvellous, and its charm is perennial. I am not ashamed to confess that I am always glad of an excuse for reopening the book, and never, I think, while eyesight lasts, shall I become incapable of losing myself for an hour in that masterly representation of a simple yet singularly vivid family life. Nowhere else that I know is

the tale so truly and feelingly told of the jests, the tiffs and the truces, the *emportements* and the escapades, the brief anger and the lasting love, the glad meetings and the reluctant partings (each bringing for one sharp instant a foretaste of the last), the common joy, the indivisible anguish, the occasional perfect union of prayer,—the whole sum of solemn and tender associations involved in that sacred idea of the *home*, which has been handed down intact, in our branch of the Aryan family, from those far-away forbears whose altar was literally the hearth, and their chief piety the worship of their own dead kindred. Miss Yonge must pardon the involuntary paganism of this panegyric. It is her fault for having been able to invest the story of eleven brothers and sisters, with their curious points both of likeness and unlikeness, no one of whom is conducted beyond the threshold of responsible grown-up life, with so profound and universal an interest. Every one of these eleven is alive in every word and gesture. It is a positive miracle of truthful and delicate characterization.

I really cannot help turning aside, at this point, however, to remark with complacency how disinterested we Americans are in admiring or adhering to Miss Yonge at all. The bugbear that our unkept republic presents to her lady-like imagination! One would think that she would avert her eyes altogether from the horrid spectacle; but no, she seems possessed to point her ready moral at our remote expense. There is a perfectly virginal and altogether engaging innocence of fact about the idea of America which abides in the breast of this brightest and sweetest of British Philistines; and I cannot help thinking that she herself would be moved to laughter, could she see a certain annotated copy of the sequel to "The Daisy Chain" which once came under my notice. The book must have been written some time during our civil war; for, after sending one of her heroines to contract malarial fever on the banks of a far Western river (which, by the way, she might, if necessary, have done nearer home), Miss Yonge sets her to watch the march to the front of a Michigan regiment, and makes her muse with a sort of mournful disdain on the "misguided enthusiasm which has shed so much blood in the break-up of the great republic." Against this bit of slightly premature vaticination, some small but irrepressible Yankee had briefly penciled, in the large Gothic characters of ten, "Oh Ho!"—December Atlantic.

THE CLOSING OF THE YEAR.

A few more days and the year which to some has brought happiness and to others misfortune will be added to those which have passed before it. Many will during the present month sit in retrospective thoughts over the events which have marked the year in their lives. To the young the years speed not fast enough; to the old they are all too short. The young man employs the closing of one year in preparing for the next; the aged man muses over the events of past years, and contemplates the mysteries of the future. In the lives of many the year has proved a memorable one, while in those of others it has been marked with no special events. The hopes of one have reached fruition, the aspirations of another have fallen short of success. And thus the last day of December will bring alike pleasant and sad memories. There is a lesson to be drawn from the close of every year that may well teach us of the opening of the new one. It is by deriving profit from the past that we can improve the future. If we have undertaken enterprises during the present year that have proved unsuccessful, we can now, on looking back over the ground, see more clearly what our mistake was or wherein we failed, and by having undergone such experiences we are by far the better off. We have been taught lessons which we might otherwise never have learned, and in our future undertakings the great value of them will be apparent to us, if now they yet seem unnecessary and unproductive of good. There is a lesson in all our failures, if we will but regard them in the proper light. So long as we profit by what has occurred during the year now rapidly drawing to a close, it will not have been wasted. The experience of the old year will make our success during the new more assured; for we will have learned what shoals to avoid in the sea of life. If our bark has just ground over the rocky reefs with but slight injury, let us feel thankful that we were not entirely wrecked. The closing of another year will also remind many of the necessity of acting in the present rather than postponing to the future. It will teach us, perhaps, what may have escaped us before, that the sun as swiftly descends to its setting as it rises to its noon. As a nation, our history is unequalled for activity, enterprise and thrift, yet how many are loitering by the wayside, contending to themselves that there is "plenty of time" in which to attain a certain end; then, rousing up suddenly, how surprised are they to find that the opportunity for their achievement has passed. These and scores of other lessons will be suggested to many with the close of 1886.—*Brooklyn Magazine*.

Whatever happens, let us not be too busy to sit at Jesus' feet.—*Aitken*.

ABOUT WHALES.

A full-grown Greenland or "right" whale is enormous, his mouth alone being fifteen or sixteen feet in length. His full length varies from sixty to seventy-five feet. The tail is about twenty-five feet broad. His weight is from sixty to eighty tons. Notwithstanding the great size of the whale, his throat is not larger than that of a man, and he has no teeth at all, but, instead, a fibrous structure in his mouth called "baleen." These resemble the barbs or edges of a feather, and completely fill the back part of the mouth. When he feeds, the vast mouth is opened, and he swims along with a great flood of water passing through his mouth which escapes at the sides. The small animals and insects in the sea are in this way caught on this baleen, which serves as a strainer—made on purpose, of course. The body is covered, just under the skin, with a layer of fat, or blubber, from one to two feet thick, and weighing—in a large fat one—from thirty to forty tons. This blubber serves a threefold purpose—keeping the whale warm in very cold water, of making his body lighter than it would otherwise be, and of resisting the pressure of the water in the great depths to which it often descends.

Naturalists have computed the age of the whale by the transverse lines on the plates of the baleen in his mouth, and conclude that they sometimes attain to the age of 1,000 years. It inhabits the seas of the northern world, and abounds chiefly in the Arctic regions. It is occasionally seen by vessels passing from New York to Liverpool. The eyes of a large whale are not larger than the eye of an ox, and are situated nearly behind the angles of the mouth, for the obvious purpose of enabling him to see the insects upon which he feeds. His sense of sight is very acute in the water. He has two small blow-holes on the top of his head, from which he spouts water up in the air—a performance which may be seen by the whalers for miles. The mother whale is said to display great affection for her offspring, of which whale-fishers sometimes take cruel advantage, harpooning the young (of little value itself) in order to secure the mother. When the mother suckles her calf she comes to the top of the water and rolls lazily from side to side, that she and the young one may breathe, turn about. Whales ordinarily swim a few feet below the surface, coming to the top to breathe at intervals of eight or ten minutes. When they rise to breathe they stay on the surface about two minutes, and draw from six to eight good full breaths, when they go down again. They often stand on their heads, and flap the top of the water with the tail, making a noise which may be heard two or three miles. They do not go in schools like fish, but are generally found in pairs, except when numbers of them are attracted to particular feeding grounds, as is sometimes the case in the bays and inlets of northern coasts.

Whale fishing is, and has been for ages, pursued in much the same manner by all classes of men, civilized and uncivilized, and is attended with great danger. When a ship arrives in the vicinity of a whaling ground, a watchman is placed in the rigging of the vessel to keep a lookout for whales spouting, and as soon as one is discovered the smaller boats are lowered, and a competition at once takes place among the subdivisions of the crew to see who shall reach the whale first. The harpooner is ready as soon as the boat is sufficiently near the whale to plunge with all his strength the harpoon deep into the coveted prize; the boat is instantly backed out of the way, and the whale plunges in astonishment and terror to a great depth, sometimes carrying as much as 1,200 feet of line. It remains below from twenty to thirty minutes, when it rises again. The boats hasten to it, and another harpoon is struck into its vitals. But this time, instead of diving as before, it strikes violently with its tail, or maybe plunges under the boat to destroy, if possible, its enemies. Sometimes a boat containing a dozen men is thrown by an upward stroke of the whale's tail high into the air, and turned over and over like a stick thrown by a boy into the top of a tree. The poor whale, however, soon begins to spout blood through the blow-holes, and is shortly pierced by the fatal lance. Sometimes it dies with a terrific struggle, lashing the water, which is dyed with blood, into a foam for 100 yards around. It not unfrequently happens that instead of dying at the top of the water the whale descends and does not rise again, so that it is lost to the whaler. A harpoon-gun and harpoon used by Lieutenant Greeley's party was on exhibition at New Orleans at the world's fair, last year, and consisted of a short bar of iron with a barbed spear at one end and a line attached to the other. This was fired from a swivel cannon mounted on the end of a whale-boat.—*Selected*.

The laws of a people and the fidelity with which these laws are administered are the expression of their political virtue or vice. In this view these are hopeful and stimulating words of ex-president Arthur: "I think it shows that we are a strong government for a strong people when New York can punish its own boycotters, when Chicago can imprison its anarchists, when Mississippi can arrest her own kuxlux, and when Missouri can arrest and punish its knightly trainwreckers."

BREVITIES.

Admiral Courbet denounces Tonquin as a vast pestilential vapor-bath. An organization has been effected in Chicago to counteract Socialism and kindred ideas.

The new Governor of Alabama is in favor of taking care of the Confederate veterans who are living, instead of building monuments for those who are dead.

Bishop Bagshaw of the Catholic diocese of Nottingham, England, recommends Catholics to resist payment of church tithes as an unjust Protestant tax.

Collecting silver spoons is said to be a popular form of shopping with American ladies in Europe. Nearly every country has a different style of spoon.

The Queen of the Belgians has resolved to give up driving out alone in her pony-chaise through the streets of Brussels, as she was insulted by Socialists recently.

In 1877 Boardman street, Salem, was included in a cow pasture and sold for \$9,200. There are now no lots to be had on the street, it being all built up, and the valuation is \$100,000.

The niece of Beau Brummel has recently died in London. She did not inherit her celebrated uncle's talent for tying a cravat, though she was an exceptionally handsome woman.

Ground has been broken for a Children's Hospital in connection with the Presbyterian Hospital in Philadelphia, for which a donor whose name is unknown at present has given \$30,000.

Two representatives of the Inter-collegiate Y. M. C. A., visiting the two colleges at Amherst, Mass., to awaken an interest in foreign missions among the students, report 20 committed to the work.

The new torpedo cruiser, *Destructor*, built by Messrs. J. & G. Thompson, Clydebank, for the Royal Spanish Navy, on her speed trials attained 23½ knots an hour. The cruiser is of 350 tons' displacement.

A correspondent of a London journal writes: "A connection of mine died last week, leaving £10,000 to the Dogs' Home at Battersea, while to her executor, a poor parson with a large family, was left £100 as a legacy."

The proprietress of the Bon Marche, one of the great dry goods stores of Paris, has created a pension fund of over \$1,000,000, available for men over 50 years of age and for women of 45 who have been in her service 20 years.

A school for boys planned by the late Rev. Gerald F. Dale, the excellent missionary of the Presbyterian Board at Zahleh, Syria, has been opened since his lamented death with about 50 boarders and a large number of day scholars.

It is said that one of the curious results of the Charleston earthquake is the loss of animals from terror. Many of the milch cows have gone dry since the earthquake in the country about Charleston, and one man is said to have lost seven horses from the effects of terror.

The trains on the Union Pacific Railroad are to be equipped and operated according to the reports of its own weather bureau, the first ever established by a railroad. This will aid in the safe shipping of live stock and perishable goods.

General Kaibars has written a note from Sofia to the *Moscow Gazette* in which he ironically thanks his Western ill-wishers for a vast mass of anonymous letters which he says gave him great amusement and afforded his little daughter an opportunity to increase her collection of postage stamps.

At a reception given to the Baptist Union at its late meeting in Bristol, Eng., by the Mayor of the city, its president said that on the 4th of October, 1663, the Mayor of Bristol sent two Baptist ministers to prison for preaching, but on the 4th of October, 1886, its Mayor gave a grand reception to Baptist ministers.

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MERRY CHRISTMAS

—AND—

Happy New Year!

IT SEEMS EARLY TO SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THE APPROACHING HOLIDAYS, and may seem selfish on our part to mention it. But we want to have a good time, and want all our friends and customers to share it with us as far as possible; we are going to offer to buy for the little folks who live far away, too far to come and select for themselves from the large stock of

HANDSOME TOYS, BEAUTIFUL DOLLS, with eyes that open and shut, BOYS' WAGONS, ROCKING HORSES, SPLENDID GAMES, DOLLS' COACHES, MUSIC BOXES, PRETTY THINGS OF ALL KINDS, Made of Wood, of Tin, of Iron or Steel, of Silver, of Leather, of Glass, of everything you can think of—from a few cents each up to a good many dollars, even more than some folks can well spare that have to work hard for their money. We have one lady who will be kept busy nearly all the time from now till Christmas selecting things to be sent away, and she has real good taste, too, and can please the little folks almost as well as they could please themselves, for she has had to do so much of this kind of work that she knows very well how to do it. Then, besides toys and things to keep, we offer you a great many good things to eat, and to assist in making up fine dinners, so that you can invite everybody to come and dine with you.

Cranberries cheap now. @ gallon..... 35¢@40¢
Oysters or Clams..... 25 and 30¢
Lemon and Orange Peel, @ lb..... 20¢@25¢
Fine imported Currants..... 8¢@10¢
Imported Seedless Raisins..... 12¢@14¢
Domestic..... 6¢@10¢
Best table Raisins, 20 lbs..... \$2 25
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Fancy Caramels Raisins, 8 lbs..... 50¢
Best Pop Corn, shelled..... 3¢@4¢
Orange Jam and Marmalade..... 30¢@35¢
Fancy Crackers and Cookies, all kinds.

Canned and Potted Meats..... 15¢@50¢
Canned Corn..... 10¢@35¢
Largest Apples, @ box..... \$1 00@1 25
Eastern Mince Meat, very cheap now.
Preserve Ginger, only..... 75¢
Candy, all kinds, @ lb..... 10¢@50¢
Eight kinds of Nuts..... 8¢@15¢
Imported or Domestic Cheese, all kinds.
Pure Spices or Flavoring Extracts.
English Pickles and Sauces, all kinds.
Maple Sugar and Syrup, strictly pure.
Choice Eastern Hams, lower again.

Then, we always have some fancy groceries about Holidays which we are glad to send you if wanted. If there were room, we would tell you a great deal about the kind of things that would be nice and good to send for, but we think you will all know pretty well what you want, and will think to send to us for it. And be sure to send in good time, as we are always busy when it comes near the Holidays, and should not want to disappoint you. We wish you a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

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FRIENDLY GIVING.

BY REV. DR. A. L. STONE.

This theme, both theoretical and practical, is one not very remote from our thoughts or our acts in the days through which we are passing. Each one of us, in our relation to kindred and friends, debates the question with himself, "What shall I bestow, as a token of affectionate appreciation and remembrance, upon those whom I love?" "As the great anniversaries of the Christian year come and pass, how shall I hail them and celebrate them in the sweet fellowships of life by gladdening and gratifying companions and mates?" Let us brood this problem a few moments.

This giving expresses and relieves the freshness and fullness of our sympathetic interest in the feelings and condition of the recipients. It testifies that the promotion of their comfort and joy rests upon our sensibilities. As their image comes up before us, it is not with us a word of careless indifference, "Let them look out for themselves," but rather this home appeal, "How can we add to their treasures?"

It includes a sincere and genial study into the specialties and peculiarities of their tastes and relishes. It thus conveys our estimate of the leading qualities of their disposition and character. When we extend a gift to one of these kindred hands, it is a sketch, more or less deliberate, of the prevailing choice of the recipient, as we view it, in regard to personal entertainment.

The gift is an articulate desire with us to remain and abide in the presence of our beloved, when we are separated from them by absence and distance. Our face is hidden and our voice is silent, but the vision of this trifle, though it is indeed only a trifle, brings back both to the witnessing senses. In dark days we cannot be shut out; and though far away bodily on land or on sea, here we bend almost tangibly by the side of those holding us in such tender remembrance.

It thus secures not only our presence, but the diligent and effective service and ministrations of our hand. That hand holds a mirror up to the face beloved, folds the wrist in a friendly clasp, binds a collar around the throat, opens volumes of poetry or song or scenes of natural beauty, or from out the world of taste and art gives out other syllables of its cheering salutation. In this way we may dwell with our dear ones at all seasons and in all ventures, though care and duty send us into distant exile.

And especially, and above all, it recalls "the unspeakable gift," the opening of that hand of infinite charity, that paternal heart that gave for human salvation, for a world's redemption—"the only begotten and well-beloved Son." That gift teaches how to give in the greatness of our self-denial, and for issues of immortal blessedness. We cannot recall and commemorate that giving in any fitting sense of its greatness and beneficence, and yet keep a close and selfish heart in our bonds of earth and humanity.

So we may unlock heart and hand, and from these, our personal stores, fill the hearts and hands of those whom we would enrich and bless.

NEW YEAR'S RECEPTION.

Next Saturday, New Year's day, the Young Men's Christian Association will give the fourth annual New Year's reception at their building, 232 Sutter street. All young men will be welcome. The following programme will be observed. The Second Artillery Regiment orchestra will furnish music during the entire day. Special address by Rev. George W. Lizer, D.D., at 12 o'clock; subject, "A Parable of Time." At 2:30 an athletic exhibition will be given in the gymnasium, and at 8 o'clock a grand concert in the Association Hall. The Ladies' Central Committee and the Reception Committee will be on duty all day to receive guests, and a general invitation is extended to young men, whether members or not, to attend the reception. Refreshments will be served from 11 to 7 o'clock, and all interested friends are invited to assist in furnishing refreshments, and we sincerely hope that there will be no lack in this direction. All our city readers who read this notice should be interested enough to send refreshments to the building. The ladies desire cake. Hundreds of places will be open in San Francisco on that day to allure and tempt young men. Let every one who has an interest in young men, and under whose notice this article comes, help to make this reception one of the grandest of the kind ever given in this city. Refreshments may be left at the building any time on Friday, or before 11 o'clock on Saturday, January 1, 1887.

It is proposed to establish in connection with the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut, and raise an endowment of \$100,000 for a School of Biblical Archaeology with a thoroughly-furnished Oriental library, archaeological and natural history museums, and other facilities for the most complete study of the Bible in Bible lands.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON, JAN. 9, 1887.

GEN. 3: 1-6, 17-19.

BY REV. W. L. JONES.

This lesson accounts for the entrance of sin into the world. The author draws a word-picture of a serpent talking to Eve. If Satan had come to her in the form of a serpent and had talked with her, it could hardly have excited much surprise at a time when everything was new and strange to her. If he came in any other form, his quiet, gliding, insinuating manner might well have merited the name of serpent. We recognize the evil one in the way he introduced the subject. He was exactly opposite to God. Both looked out upon the same scene and knew the same facts. One, looking upon the abundance, variety and richness of the fruits, said: "Of every tree thou mayest freely eat," and then gave one exception. The other fixed his eye and hers on the one exception, and, with ungrateful blindness to the rich abundance of all that was given, said: "Hath God said ye shall not eat of every tree?" Thousands of years have not improved his methods or his manners. Whenever one finds himself more inclined to complain of that which he has not than to give thanks for what he has, he is following in the footsteps of Eve, and is led by the devil.

The motive presented to urge them to take this first step in disobedience is often used at the present day. They wanted to know more. They did not consider that there are some things that are not worth knowing. They knew what was good. They did not need to know evil. Of the same sort are they who go with evil companions, look upon all forms of iniquity, listen to blasphemous speeches and read works that introduce them into society in which they would blush to be seen, in order that they improve their knowledge of human nature. It is difficult to see what good use they make of this knowledge when they have gained it. But could not God have constituted man so that he could not sin, and so have avoided all this trouble? Perhaps, in ways unknown to us, man's moral nature might have been fenced in so that he could be driven along the road to heaven as surely as cattle to the pasture; but God prefers the virtue of an angel to that of an ox. A being that does not choose to sin is far better than one who has no choice in the matter. A system that would reduce heaven to the grade of a cattle pasture is one that the Creator would be little likely to adopt.

It seems to many people that the account of the introduction of sin, given in the Bible, makes too great a disproportion between the greatness of the act and the greatness of the consequences; but a wide door can swing upon a small hinge. The question to be decided at the "tree of knowledge" was not one of damages, but one of character. Parents sometimes punish severely a good-natured blunder, if it causes a loss; while sudden disobedience, in which no damage is done, is considered a light thing. In such a view of the case, man was not much of a sinner. There was a plenty of other fruit, and even this tree had suffered no appreciable loss. But God's government is not administered on any such economical principles. The case was put before our first parents, shorn of all side issues and reduced to the one point of obedience or disobedience. If a hungry boy is made to carry loaves of bread, it may be he had to tell, when they fail to reach their destination in good condition, how much is to be charged to disobedience, and how much to hunger. If the thing forbidden had been one involving skill or heroism, or some new form of pleasure, it might be hard to know what other influences besides disobedience were involved in the act. But this was a case of disobedience pure and simple. They decided that the will of man, and not the will of God, should take the control of human acts.

Will God punish so long for a single sin? The world has never had a chance to see what he would do in such a case. Adam had several. He coveted what was forbidden; he was not controlled by the divine command; he gave a false reason for hiding from God; he did not confess his own responsibility in the matter, but laid the blame upon Eve; he was ungrateful for favors received and thought he ought to have more, and seemed to be disordered in all his moral nature. The man, with only one sin, is yet to be introduced to the world. The willingness to commit one sin involves the willingness to commit another if the temptation is great enough.

But why should we be punished for Adam's sin? The world waits to see the man who has no sin in him but Adam's. Without undertaking to explain the matter of the inheritance of moral tendencies, we have to admit that sin, as an active and personal matter, has got along in the world's history as far as this. Adam is dead, but sin lives. The Scriptures plainly teach (Jer. xxxi: 30), "Every one shall die for his own iniquity." Whatever may be the mysterious relation between the first sin and all following ones, our own are those alone which we have to confess and forsake. If any one is disposed to call in question the correctness of the account here given of the introduction of sin into the world, we

have only to say, the fact is before you. Sin is. In what better way can you account for it?

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
ESTATE OF CHARLES H. FRENCH, DECEASED.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of Charles H. French, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at the office of R. Thompson, at No. 76 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate, in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

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CATARH.
A cold of unusual severity which I took last autumn developed into a difficulty decidedly catarrhal in all its characteristics, threatening a return of my old chronic malady, catarrh. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm completely eradicated every symptom of that painful and prevailing disorder.—E. W. Warner, 165 Hudson St., Rochester.

In the *Atlantic* for January Mr. Hammetton, in a paper on "French and English," shows the difference which the Puritan influence has made in the English manners as opposed to French. "Physiognomy of the Days," by E. R. Sill, shows the curious characteristics of the various days of the week. We have "What Children Read To-day" and "The Salon in Society." Charlotte E. Bates has a striking little poem called "The Clue," and S. V. Cole some verses on "Athens." Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The new style of furniture as seen at the warehouses of the California Furniture Company shows pillow-backs tufted. This is especially noticeable in parlor sets. Some of the backs are tufted with gold beads, which are especially attractive.

Those who preach, lecture, declaim or sing will do find Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar the speediest restorative of the voice in cases of hoarseness. It also cures coughs and sore throat rapidly and completely. Sold by all druggists at 25c, 50c and \$1.

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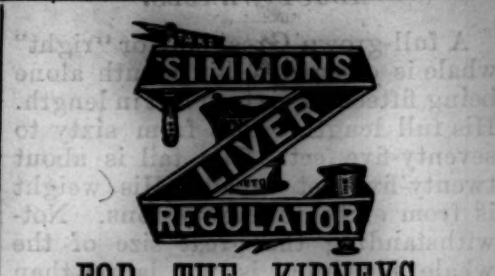
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